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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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No Far-Eastern Munich

The New York Times is a conservative and cautious journal, which treats the State Department with much respect. It is significant therefore that on September 23 The Times should have published a leading editorial which was a thinly veiled warning that the United States must not make any agreement with Japan that would constitute a betrayal of China. We won't repeat again the reasons why we feel The Times is right. If our government should propose an arrangement with the Japanese—who, after all, are just as treacherous, just as fascist and just as much aggressors as they ever were—which would mean selling out China, we believe the American people would stand up with a roar of indignation that would blast such a proposal out of existence in five minutes.

Bulgaria on the Brink

Americans rubbed their eyes when they read, on September 23, that Germany had given Bulgaria an ultimatum that she must enter the war or be completely occupied by the German army. Most people supposed that Bulgaria was already in German hands: Nazi troops have been there ever since the attack on Greece; Bulgaria was reported only the other day as participating in the dummy transfer of ships by which the Axis sought to persuade Turkey to let the Italian fleet go through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea.

The point is that the Bulgarian government is pro-Nazi, but most of the common people are not. There is a traditional friendship between Bulgaria and Russia, and the Bulgarian peasant sees no reason why he should help to attack Cousin Ivan now. Reports from Sofia say that sabotage is going on, military stores are being burned and schools have had to be closed. These things are all laid to Communist agitators (why the customary Nazi phrase, "Communists and Jews," was not employed, we don't know). Common sense tells us that the saboteurs and protesting students are probably not Communists but are loyal Bulgars who regret seeing their country slip into the inferno where most of Europe already lies. The almost universal discontent will greatly weaken the effectiveness of the help Hitler can get against Russia. Men never fight well who believe in their hearts that they are on the wrong side.

The Seamen's Strike

By September 23, the seamen's strike had assumed serious proportions. More than twenty ships were tied up, many of them engaged in carrying defense materials. Three vessels had been seized by the government and two of these had already sailed with strikebreaking crews.

The Seafarers' International Union is an AFL body and is not, like some other maritime unions, under Communist control (the Communists at present are discouraging strikes connected with national defense and with efforts to defeat Germany). Some time ago, the SIU ruled that the West Indies and South America ought to be included in the war zone and war-risk bonuses paid of $60 a month above the $90 to $100 already received. The SIU also wants insurance policies increased from $5,000 to $10,000. The Maritime Commission apparently does not believe special wages should be paid for voyages in the new area. It attempted to set up a scheme for bonuses that would cover all ship lines, under which the amount would

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vary according to insurance rates on hulls, which are in turn based on the realistic estimate by insurance brokers as to the amount of risk actually existing.

The Maritime Commission seems to have been very slow in putting its new plan into effect, and partly for this reason and partly because union officials apparently felt the bonuses would not be large enough, the strike has taken place. The SIU wants to negotiate with each ship line separately, evidently believing that it can get better terms this way; the Maritime Commission insists on one standard agreement for the whole industry. The union has had a contract which provides for no strikes or lockouts and for arbitration of grievances. It declares that the Maritime Commission is demanding "compulsory arbitration" in violation of its right to collective bargaining.

Here is a situation in which both sides seem clearly open to criticism. Admiral Land of the Maritime Commission has been under fire before because of his reputed anti-union attitude. It was clearly the Maritime Commission's business to settle the bonus question promptly and fairly and to convince the sailors that they were acting in good faith. The SIU on the other hand is engaging in pure power politics at a moment when the safety of the United States is in grave danger. The lesson seems to be that neither the Maritime Commission nor the SIU seems to realize that there is a war going on, that the United States is in it and that unless we can learn to pull together, Hitler has a good chance of fulfilling his ambition to rule the world.

The Legion Takes Its Stand

The American Legion used to be identified with the strictest kind of isolationism. But not any more. In Boston last year the Legion's annual convention came out for aid to Britain. This year its 7,474 delegates adopted a foreign policy that shows not a trace of the Legion's old "hands-off" attitude. Meeting in Milwaukee, where isolationist sentiment is supposedly strong, the Legionnaires called for repeal of the "so-called neutrality act," asked the removal of the legal bars that prevent selectees and National Guardsmen from being sent outside the Western Hemisphere and stated flatly that "our present national objective is the defeat of Hitler and what he stands for."

In the domestic field the Legion's resolution had a more familiar ring. Slaps were taken at Secretary Perkins and Harry Bridges, and the banning of the Communist Party was urged. Like millions of other Americans, the Legionnaires made a sharp distinction between their attitudes on domestic communism and on aid to Russia. By a large majority they voted down a resolution that would have put the Legion on record against helping the Soviets. The White House and Congress, which seem to fear that the nation is lagging behind the administration's foreign policy, should take note of the Legion stand.

Baruch on Prices

This country is faced by grave danger of price inflation. On that subject no one speaks with better authority than Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board in 1917-18, and he uttered some important truths in his testimony before the House Banking and Currency Committee the other day.

During war or a national emergency like the present, the whole form of our civilization must be altered. The economy of the country must be controlled in one way or another, including industrial and agricultural prices and wages; if any one factor gets out of control, the whole thing can be wrecked. Heavy taxes and large government borrowing from individuals are desirable but are not adequate without a definite price ceiling. The priorities system must be complete, impartial and rigidly administered.

A low price structure will prevent great hardships during the war. Without it, the United States cannot participate properly in post-war settlements, because instead of seeking justice we should be seeking protection for our high prices. A post-war deflation would hurt farmers and workers far more than manufacturers of industrial goods.

To recommend control of wages is not to say that labor is a commodity or that wages and salaries should be dumped in with industrial prices and treated in the same way. Real wages in many industries are still too low; they can be increased either by giving the workers more money or by reducing the prices of the things they buy. We hope Congress will have the intelligence and courage to heed Mr. Baruch's advice.

In Old Chicago

Marshall Field III, who inherited a Chicago mercantile fortune estimated at over $100,000,000, told a regional conference of the American Public Welfare Association last week that he didn't "give a damn" what happened to his money. To quote Mr. Field further: "I don't know what is going to happen to me. I happen to have been left a great deal of money. If I can't make myself worthy of three square meals a day, I don't deserve them."

Words like those are guaranteed to make headlines in any season, but they are especially noteworthy just now because Mr. Field, vigorously bent on making himself worthy of those "three square meals," has announced plans to publish a Chicago daily newspaper in competition with Colonel Robert McCormick's Tribune. As the principal owner of New York's PM, Mr. Field has already proved that he means what he says about his money. As co-publisher of the projected Chicago daily, he may have to come forward with new proof, for The Tribune's famous tower is a veritable citadel of newspaper monopoly. It is also a citadel of reaction, and it is high time that somebody came along

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to challenge it. Offhand we can think of no better man than Mr. Field, whose heart and purse are both in the right place. We wish him well, and so, we suspect, do many thousands of Chicagoans.

Miners v. John L. Lewis

In Pennsylvania's anthracite regions 20,000 miners have been out on strike. The strike in Districts 7 and 9 of the United Mine Workers of America is directed not against the coal operators but against the UMW leadership, which is to say, John L. Lewis. Ostensibly the insurgent miners are protesting increased union assessments. Here they would seem to stand on slippery ground, for the assessments were accepted by a national referendum of the miners, and under democratic union procedure, Districts 7 and 9 should abide by majority decisions. The assessments, however, are apparently not the real reason for the miners' disaffection.

The real reason is political. Districts 7 and 9 hotly resented Mr. Lewis' support of Wendell Willkie in the 1940 campaign. They showed their resentment then by voting solidly for Franklin Roosevelt. Mr. Lewis' isolationism and his continued hostility to the President have brought disaffection in the hard-coal regions to a boiling point. The insurgents charge that assessments were raised in order to build a huge fund for Mr. Lewis' political purposes. They disapprove those purposes and have taken blunt means to show where they stand. The means may be bad (the operators naturally welcome friction in the UMW camp), but they were bound to be taken in a union whose leadership has lost touch with the rank and file.

Inside Washington

Washington is full of gorgeous stories these days—some true, some false, and some totally incapable of verification. The following tale we vouch for in no degree whatever and set it down only because it seemed to us amusing and not inherently improbable when told of almost any bureaucratic group in our own or any other capital. Not long ago, so the story goes, the blue and gold Hispanic Room of the Library of Congress was invaded by eight young men and eight young women, personable enough, though a little earnest, to be mistaken for a musical-comedy chorus. As it turned out, they were from the Donovan Committee and what they wanted was "all the books you have on Latin America." They seemed troubled when told that would run to quite a number of books, but nodded happily when asked if books of a general nature would do. The books supplied, the eight young men sat down at one side of a long table, the eight young women opposite. The eight young men opened the books, cleared their throats and began to dictate to the eight young women, who were adequately equipped with pencils and notebooks.

The dictation, according to an eavesdropper, went like this: "Brazil. Population, so-and-so; land area, so-and-so." The boys and girls might still be at it if the curator, or somebody, hadn't murmured that all the information they seemed to want could be found in the World Almanac.

Mr. Hoover Circles About

The honest conviction which underlies Herbert Hoover's pacifism and the restraint with which he expresses his opinions make it obligatory for those who disagree with him to note his arguments. In his latest broadcast he says that Hitler will collapse "of his own overreaching"; he advocates "impregnable defense" for the United States, a minimum of interference with laissez-faire economics in our preparedness program; "sending the tools" to Britain, but withholding aid to Russia; and stopping "provocative steps" that may take us into war. There is one fact about the argument which is startling: its breath-taking inconsistency. Hitler will be worn out by Russia, Mr. Hoover is confident, but although every objective report shows Russia on the verge of exhausting her supply of tanks and planes, we are to give her none to keep her fighting. We are to furnish the necessary aid to Britain but close our eyes to the fact that it can't get there unless we help guard it on the way. And we are to make our defense impregnable without taking the steps to reorganize our economy for production to match the war economy of the nations which would attack us. Mr. Hoover is to be praised for wishing to appeal to us all on the line of reason rather than, for example, race hatred. But his logic winds in a circle, and leads him to a cave, hoping in the name of blind and inert hopelessness.

What Is Wild Bill's Job?

Just what, exactly, is Wild Bill Donovan doing in Washington? Nobody seems to know. His title is Coördinator of Defense Information and among his assistants are Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright; Dr. James P. Baxter, president of Williams College; James Roosevelt, and a galaxy of university scholars and government economists and social scientists.

At one time, Washington thought he might get the job of making the FBI, the Secret Service, Military Intelligence and other federal detective agencies pull together, but that seems not true. (Gossip says that General Marshall, Chief of Staff, squashed the plan, fearing that Army Intelligence might get away from him.) Just now the Donovan Committee is collecting and analyzing information about what is going on all over the world, boiling down 300,000 words a day into two pages for the President's eye—a job that Walter Lippmann held for a time during the last war. If Mayor LaGuardia should give up his post as director of Home Defense, the Donovan Committee may take over the job and really go to work on civilian morale—

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a big task, which cries out to be done. In the meantime, his agency maintains strict silence in a city where practically all other bureaus issue daily Niagaras of information about themselves.

Our Readers on Declaring War

Last week The New Republic published a summary of the views of its 1941 contributors on the question: Do you favor a declaration of war at this time? About 35 percent said yes; 28 percent, no; 37 percent were undecided. A poll of letters from our readers on the same question shows a somewhat different division. About 48 percent favored an immediate declaration; 35 percent were against; 17 percent undecided.

Those agreeing with The New Republic that war should be declared at once did not, for the most part, cite their reasons at length. Most letters merely said, "We agree" or words to that effect. Readers elaborating their reasons for agreement stressed thoughts like these: The war can be shortened if we go in now; if we don't go in, we shall be shirking our responsibilities.

Readers opposing a declaration of war said that they had been bitterly disillusioned by Versailles and its aftermath and doubted that the next peace would be any better. Others expressed strong opposition to sending another AEF while favoring short-of-war aid to the Allies. Still others maintained that America's sole job was to strengthen democracy at home. A small number accused The New Republic of being hysterical, but virtually none descended to the America First level.

Most of the letters in all three categories were thoughtful rather than emotional in tone. This was particularly true, naturally enough, of undecided readers, many of whom wrote that they could not give a yes-or-no answer until they were convinced of moral and material readiness at home and the good intentions of the Allies abroad. The letters, as a whole, were challenging reading—a helpful cross-section, we feel, of American opinion.

Strange Result of an Election

The Pacific Northwest is the principal public-power area of the nation. On repeated occasions the people of that region have voted for public-ownership proposals and for candidates committed to a public-power program, among them Franklin D. Roosevelt. Voters are now wondering whether Mr. Willkie, for all his utility connections, would have appointed as one-sided a personnel as that which now runs the OPM offices in the Northwest. U. M. Dickey, Seattle coördinator of the OPM, is a director of the Puget Sound Power and Light Company. H. G. Winsor, district representative of the OPM, is the personnel director of the Puget Sound Company. Leighton H. Steele, associate district representative of the OPM in Seattle, is assistant to the president of the Seattle Gas Company. Appropriately enough, the Seattle OPM headquarters are in the Stuart Building, which also houses the main offices of the Puget Sound Power and Light Company.

In Portland, Oregon, forty-two miles from Bonneville Dam, where public power has been a main issue for years and where Franklin D. Roosevelt has delivered three public-power speeches, the OPM associate district representative is Laurin E. Hinman of the Portland General Electric Company. Hinman is the principal OPM official in Oregon, a state which many times has supported public-ownership referenda. Last week the Pacific Northwest Public Power Convention, which was addressed by Secretary Ickes, asked the administration in a resolution whether the OPM in the region was representing the private-utility companies or the United States government.

"Writers Under 30"

The editors of The New Republic wish to announce that a literary supplement, appearing in December, will be devoted entirely to work by writers under thirty years of age. We expect to include a number of established writers, but the bulk of the contributions will be, we hope, by young unknowns. Poems, criticism and fiction, preferably of not more than 2,500 words, will be gratefully received by the editors not later than November 15. Address "Writers Under Thirty," in care of this office.

Last Week

Do you know the name of the polo player who retired last year, after being considered the world's greatest for ten years? In what round did Joe Louis knock out Arturo Godoy in their fight in 1940? If you wanted to continue the research of Dr. Robert M. Stephen of the University of Illinois on the subject of tooth decay, would you experiment with whiskey, urea, charcoal, cornstarch or nicotine? If you wanted to obtain promotion to a higher position in the New York City public-school system, you would have to pass a test in which those questions and others of even greater inanity were asked.

The schoolteachers were at a lost to know where to go for information. American correspondents in Moscow, who have also been at a loss for first-hand information, in their case about the war, have had their position improved. For the first time, American reporters are permitted to go to the front lines and see what is happening. . . . Their example might be followed by Senators Nye and Wheeler whose horror of Hollywood is maintained at a careful distance of 3,000 miles and without having seen the films at which they were so much exercised. . . . Another reporter at a distance is Mussolini, who tells us proudly of the exploits of an Italian suicide squad in attacking British shipping at Gibraltar. He thus breaks the hearts of all Americans, who regret that he did not attempt to do his reporting from astride a torpedo.

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Russia Is Our Ally

THINGS are going badly in Russia. The capture of Kiev is a serious blow, and so is the movement to isolate the peninsula of the Crimea and to thrust forward along Russia's southern boundary toward the Caucasus. The losses of men and materials on both sides have been tremendous. Russia has larger resources of manpower, but Germany has a greater immediate output of war goods, while it takes months to give a soldier even the minimum training that enables him to do the enemy more harm than good.

Certainly, there is no reason for panic. The Russians can retreat a very long way beyond the point already reached, and still keep their armies in being. They have tremendous war factories in the Urals and even farther east, which can at least partially take the place of those Germany has already captured. Guerrilla tactics are a much more serious matter in Russia than most Americans realize. The winter is nearly here, and while it will not immobilize the war to the extent that many people imagine (the Russo-Finnish war went on through the worst months) it will slow things down, and will disadvantage the Germans, who are not so well accustomed to bitter cold and deep snow as the Red Army.

But all these things add up to less than a bright picture for the Russians in view of the advances the invaders have already made, and what they have cost the defenders. Reports from London that Russia may be forced to consider an immediate separate peace are doubtless made too strong, for propaganda reasons; but a crumbling of resistance in the East which would permit the removal of large German forces for an attack in the Mediterranean area or an invasion of England, is not to be written off as outside the bounds of possibility.

As they look at this situation, many Americans seem to suffer a curious mental distortion. Former President Hoover showed it when, with almost audible glee, he reported that the two dictators, Stalin and Hitler, are eating each other up, to our manifest advantage. The New York Times quoted with seeming approval the argument that our war material be sent for storage in England and not into immediate use in Russia, because "Stalin is treacherous." Many other Americans and some of the British show precisely the same attitude when, half-unconsciously, they hope that the Red Army will do their work for them, that Nazism is about to collapse from internal strains, that somehow or other we can win without much more struggle and sacrifice.

This attitude could easily be fatal. There is no sound reason to believe that German morale is about to fail, that German supplies of military equipment are nearing exhaustion, that German ambitions to rule the world have been abandoned. If Russia fails, whatever doubts and fears some Germans may have felt will be swept away on the flood of victory. How observers close to the scene look at the situation can be judged from the actions of Bulgaria, Turkey and Japan. The Sofia government believes Hitler is winning and has hastened to get on his side. The Turks are so far from having confidence in an Allied victory that they smother their anti-German sentiments and give passive aid to the Axis cause. Japan, reading the headlines from the Russo-German front, has suddenly reacted to the point of demanding impossible terms from the United States.

The lesson for this country is plain. What happens in the next few weeks may determine the whole fate of the world for decades to come. America is in deadly peril—which becomes all the more deadly when we fail to recognize its existence. And finally, Russia is our ally in all but name. In war, half-hearted support of a friend can be as fatal as plain treachery. The risks of aiding Russia are smaller than they are commonly reported; but whatever they are, they should be run.

This country should immediately send the greatest possible supply of war material to the Russians. What the British and ourselves have done thus far is much too small for the gravity of the crisis. We can well afford temporarily to whittle down supplies to Britain, to South America and even to China in view of the grave character of the Russian crisis. Most of all, we can afford to cut down our accumulated stocks of war supplies in the United States, which certainly cannot be needed here at home before we have had a chance to replace them.

It is simply not true that airplanes sent to England are at this moment as much help to the Russians as airplanes sent to her via Murmansk, Iran or Vladivostok. It is not true, either, that the battle is on such a scale that our help would only be a drop in the bucket. When we are producing tanks at a rate which approaches 500 a month, of which roughly one-third are medium and the rest light, when fighter and bomber airplanes are being turned out at something like 200 a month; when the production curve of these and other types of war material goes up into the future in an almost vertical line, it is nonsense to plead that we cannot divert more than we have already done. To pessimists who say that the route through Iran may soon be closed because the Germans will reach the Caucasus, the answer is that speeding up our help is the best way to make sure that the route will stay open. Above all, we must eradicate the attitude of mind which still persists in feeling that, because we don't like communism, we can stand by unmoved and see Russia destroyed by Germany. Hitler's whole success has come because his enemies did not see in time that theirs was a common cause.

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Germany's Plan for Japan

GERMANY has proclaimed her intention of conquering the world. Hitler has said that when that conquest is complete there will be a thousand years during which the world will be ruled for the benefit of Aryan Germans. All other peoples will be graded in a hierarchy of race and blood. Some, though inferior, will be treated with respect. Some will have the position of slaves and helots. Some will be exterminated. Germany has been able to proceed with her conquest primarily because it has been impossible for other nations to take this monstrous announcement seriously. They have recognized the sincerity of it one at a time, as it has become a reality for them.

Japan figures in this program. During the past several weeks it has dawned on her, for the first time, not so much what her part in it *might* be, as that with the German march eastward across Russia, this unthinkable future is an approaching reality. What effect that realization will have on her policy remains to be seen. Documents which present the German plan in a more coherent and detailed fashion than Hitler has yet seen fit to tell it have come into the hands of Asia Magazine. They will be published in full in a special supplement with Asia's next issue, that of November. Because of their importance and their great timeliness, Asia has permitted The New Republic to summarize them, in advance of publication in that magazine.

The fury with which Germans responded to what was considered an insult as well as an injury—the entry of Japan in the last war on the side of the Allies—is well known. But that was not merely war hysteria. The leading theoreticians of German imperialism shared the opinions of, for example, Dr. W. Prenzel, whose monograph published at that time was a long catalogue of inferior traits of Japanese character which placed an unbridgeable gulf between the Japanese and Europeans. It was in 1919 that Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the English renegade and Pan German, in his book "Die Grundlage des 19. Jahrhunderts," gave the Germans the clear picture of the heights to which they might soar on the wings of racial theory. To Chamberlain, "Aryans" were gods on earth, to whom all things were permitted. He reproached Germany for not having "exterminated" the "undermen" in countries which she had conquered in the past. Any man with a colored skin was an underman, to Chamberlain.

A series of German intellectuals took up the theme, notably Spengler, with his heavy prediction of a final war-to-the-death between white and colored races, and Alfred Rosenberg, the high priest of Nazi racial destiny. Reiterated in all this literature is a single thesis: to make safe the supremacy of the white races against the colored, Europe must be welded into a unit under German leadership. Running through it also is another theme, curious in sound in comparison with the Nazi propaganda devised for Far Eastern and Middle Eastern consumption today: praise for Great Britain for the harshness of her early imperialist policy and anger and contempt for her betrayal of the white race as that policy was liberalized.

General Karl Haushofer, founder of the famous Geopolitical Institute in Munich, spent four years in Japan, as instructor in the Japanese army and as military attaché, before the First World War. In his hands, and then in those of Adolf Hitler, whom he greatly influenced, German policy toward Japan took a shrewder and more subtle line. A secret understanding between Germany and Japan was talked about by insiders in 1934, Haushofer had cultivated Japanese army men assiduously. "In politics we cannot expect that all our friends get themselves blue eyes and fair hair to do us a favor," wrote a German diplomat at that time. The Anti-Comintern Axis followed.

The German purpose, world domination, did not shift. The Nazi belief that racial principles demand the enslavement of racially inferior nations continued to be proclaimed but more circumspectly. Hitler gives the rationalization on page 747 of "Mein Kampf." Alliance with racially inferior nations is objectionable, he says, but "political necessity" excuses it. As one of the highest policy-making officials of the Nazi government explained the matter: "The aim remains the same, but the means change, with the exigencies of the moment." Haushofer's central idea, as expressed time and again, contradicts the Japanese hope that an Axis alliance will help it to obtain Asiatic domination. Haushofer's basic premise is that the white race, led by Germany, must control the resources of the Pacific regions.

The Nazis plan to own them. In one document after another, Nazi leaders have put on the record their obsession with the blueprint of world conquest on which the final sacred battle in the preordained German mission is the struggle with Japan. "Red as blood, Japan's flag of the rising sun appears on the horizon," says one warning among the many. Japan is not merely to be conquered. Japan is to be exterminated. "It is our duty to depopulate," Hitler has said.

At a meeting of the Society for Military Science, on November 20, 1936, an expert on chemical warfare delivered a talk to the poison-gas specialists of the German chemical industry and to high officers of the chemical division of the army. Colonel von Hasselback spoke for the Führer. He explained that Hitler wished to avoid gas and bacteriological warfare in Europe if possible. But, he added, "the Führer has no scruples at all about using gas and bacteria as suitable weapons for the extermination of the ever increasing colored people of Asia."

This is unpalatable stuff. But it is fact, and relevant to our own problem. What meaning Japan gives it is for Japan to decide.

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Educate the Army

Now that we are building up an army and equipping it with the latest military weapons, the danger is that we shall omit to equip it with the most important weapon of all—morale. Everyone knows that without the intangible of morale all the tangibles of tanks and guns and the knowledge of the technology of war are merely an interesting collection of parts, lacking the spark that will make them a living reality. And everyone knows also that of all our military services, the army has the worst morale. The navy and marines have the pride of a long standing tradition and a going institution; the air corps has the sense of a picked group on whom will rest the high military adventure of the future. But the army, which has had to be of hasty and makeshift construction, and whose greatest excitement, to relieve the tedium of ditch-digging and kitchen detail, must be sought in the make-believe maneuvers of a sham war in which even blank cartridges have to be economized, is faced by a genuine crisis of morale.

The roots of this crisis go, of course, far deeper. Here are a million and a half young men who have been torn away from the roots of their daily lives—farmers, clerks, mill hands, lawyers, garage mechanics, students—and set down into a strange routine and a new mode of life. They look back on a broken past and forward to an uncertain future. They will be dumped after the war on a world which may be briefly grateful and then quickly oblivious of them. They have heard vaguely, and some of them have read, about the recent changes in warfare, but because of a lack of equipment those changes seem scarcely to have touched most of them. They wonder how effective will be what they are learning, and many of them who come from heavily isolationist districts and who have looked out at the world of Roosevelt and Hitler and Stalin through the myopic eyes and the Nazified vision of Lindbergh and The Chicago Tribune, wonder even whether the war may not be the private invention of the administration, the profiteers and the Jews. Their dominant mood is one of sullenness. They don't know what the shooting is all about.

We paint the picture in dark colors, but we do not overpaint it. There are many in the army whose morale is first-rate, but that isn't enough: until the army as a whole can be described thus, we are not safe. Nor will it do for officers like General Ben Lear to shift the burden and blame it all on civilian morale. Obviously the problems of army morale and civilian morale overlap. But we cannot wait to do something about the army until we have effected a cure in the body politic as a whole. Here is a compact group of young men whose condition is crucial, and about whom we can do something immediately.

What can we do? We must educate the army to the nature of their world and the meaning of their task. That does not mean dull textbooks on war aims nor does it mean at the other extreme the propaganda of the Satanism of the enemy. It means, however, several things that can be hard-boiled in their approach and interesting enough so that they can be made a matter of voluntary attendance for the soldiers.

Item one: we have a vast resource in our foreign correspondents, who have with their own eyes watched the rise of Hitlerism, who have had whatever illusions they started with cured by a sort of occupational therapy, who would command the respect of the soldiers were they to tell them what they have witnessed. Send men like Gunther, Harsch, Stowe, Shirer, on a tour of the army camps.

Item two: not far from every army camp there are college teachers trained in the art of exposition, who are aching to do something concrete. Pick those that can talk to the soldiers in their own language, and tell them what the fascist idea means, what the so-called "new order" has already done in Europe and Asia and what it can do in America.

Item three: movies are the greatest of the mass arts, more profoundly stirring in their appeal to ear and eye than the best lectures could possibly be. Use the film, and dare the Wheelers and Nyes to object to the attempt of the government to tell the soldiers why we need them for defense. There are a dozen anti-Nazi films that are excellent as documentation of the brutal and paranoid lust of the Nazis for world power. Better still, there are utterly factual newsreels: put them together in a documentary film, with an introduction and commentary spoken by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, to explain to the men how profound is the public need that has torn them from their homes, and how integral their job is to the whole task of saving and building a world of decency.

If we do this we will have an army that can train even with broom-handles. For "the kids" will have in their minds ideas that are winged with fire.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Hold the Pacific!

THE AIR IS COOLER, and the hot-weather spell of our stern warnings to Japan may be followed by an autumn of appeasement. Within only a few hours of the announcement that Emperor Hirohito had taken over control of home defense from his army extremists, The New York Times was able to discover throughout Washington a "hopefulness for a turn for the better." The press in general is speaking with gratification of the new "milder" tone of Tokyo; and the prospect of balmy weather in the Pacific is sure to attract the best people.

This time some of the best people are admirals. They are being tempted by the notion that it would be fine to have a peaceful Pacific behind their backs while they go forth to do battle with Germany. It would be fine indeed; and they are being encouraged to pull more and more ships away from our West Coast bases and throw them as far out into the Atlantic as possible. But a good deal of this encouragement comes from Japan, whose diplomats have been causing the Tokyo and Shanghai press to breathe discreet sighs for peace and for a joining of hands across the sea.

If the sighs are genuine, well and good. If they are not, and our fleet is off in the Atlantic at the moment when the extended palm suddenly thrusts a dagger at Malaya, we shall have committed an absurdity of a scope to bring Homeric laughter back to the lips of an Axis whose smiles of late have been forced. We shall have scattered our battleships over an ocean where there are no battleships for them to fight—the Germans now being reduced to one in number, the Tirpitz, and the Italians being secreted elsewhere—and we shall have freed the Japanese admirals from their great fear and let them roll up our bases and trade routes at will. We shall have won the Atlantic, over which we ship our supplies to Britain, and lost the far Pacific, from which we get the materials which make those supplies possible.

Our Atlantic fleet is really an anti-submarine fleet. It calls for escort craft to shepherd slow convoys; destroyers to screen transports and precious tankers; patrol bombers to encircle the lanes and spot any submerged shadows; minesweepers and sub-chasers to clear the approaches to anchorages from Iceland to Vienna; blimps and armed yachts to watch over the home coast; cutters to work the Greenland waters through the long winter night. All these require tenders and base ships to mother them; and these in turn must be guarded by cruisers against a possible attack in force. None of these ships singly could stand up if surprised by a heavy raider of the Admiral Scheer class; but there are only two such in existence, and the British capital ships ought to be able to cover them.

We are, however, massing not only the necessary small craft and cruisers in the Atlantic, but an aggregation of possibly three aircraft carriers and half a dozen battleships as well. Although a layman eye cannot discern what immediate purpose, for instance, our ponderous, heavy-rolling nineteen-knot pre-1914 battleship New York can serve in the North Atlantic winter gales against speedy merchant raiders, our operations officers seem to have decided that since battleships are classic elements of every self-respecting fleet, therefore battleships we must have. These ships of course must come over from the Pacific; and as a result the ratio of our Pacific strength to Japan's, formerly 10 to 7, has now sunk almost to parity. Our Atlantic force is waxing while still in secondary position, in reserve to Britain's; our Pacific fleet is waning while holding its front alone.

Clearly, we are reaching the danger line in the Western ocean; and it is hard to free oneself from the suspicion that Hitler himself may have maneuvered us into this position, by drawing off our ships into the Atlantic so as to encourage Japan to pounce. Now, the real strategic difficulty we face in respect to Japan is not that, all told, we lack the strength to stop her. It is that we can't make up our minds as to how and when and where to do it. We are stuck in military indecision, and this itself has resulted in our allowing forces to be drained off slowly to another ocean, where at least an immediate task is clear.

The indecision is expressed by three schools of apologists. The first says that Japan can't attack us; the second says that we can't attack Japan; and the third says that if we do have to attack her, we might get by with mere submarine forays and commerce raids, while keeping our fleet safely out of reach and ready for action elsewhere.

The first school argues that the Japanese battle line, built between 1912 and 1920, was designed for home waters and cannot venture the 3,500 miles that lie between its base and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. But the argument overlooks the fact that Japan is building a new battle line of high-speed, long-range ships whose first two units (probably already in commission) can outfight anything we now have in the Pacific, unless the new Washington has arrived. It also discounts the presence of fifty Japanese long-range submarines able to cross the ocean, spend a week or two lurking off the Golden Gate and return without refueling. It omits the mandated islands from which Japan can strike at our sea lanes with bomber and submarine pack.

The second school gives full attention to the islands, and sees them as deathtraps which our main fleet in advancing westward dare not pass. It doubts that we could go ahead without great numerical superiority;

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and it regards the Washington Disarmament Conference, which cost us nine battleships, as the greatest naval defeat of modern times. Lord Jellicoe, it reminds us, in 1919 considered fourteen battleships necessary for Singapore alone—all fourteen of which the conference scuttled. It concludes that the best our fleet can now do is to glower across the ocean at Japan from behind its nets at Pearl Harbor; and its advice is that we wait several years until our new building is done.

But the third school sees that we may not be given that much time to wait. It argues that we might be able to get at Japan without using our main fleet at all. We might carry isolated cruiser and underwater warfare even into the China Sea, and by long attrition bring down an island empire which depends on imports for 60 percent of its raw materials.

But so does Britain depend on imports; and the Germans strike at her from a ring of nearby bases; and still the goods get through. The difficulty of small-ship attack is that of trying to control the sea without daring to challenge the citadels of sea power. It looks like an offensive; but actually, so long as the attacker possesses big ships which he declines to risk, it is really nothing but a defensive plus forays. And if the attacker possesses a big-ship force that is even stronger than the enemy's, his refusal to use it is nothing less than a repudiation of his best chances.

Our school of limited liability found supporters in a time when Japan, working on interior lines behind a screen of protective islands, was expanding along coasts where we could hardly attack her. But the question is, Have not these conditions now changed? Japan has reached out far; her lines now extend from Manchuria to Malaya; her southern outposts can be hit from Singapore, and—far more important—the belligerency of Russia makes it possible to bomb her heart from Vladivostok. It may be asked whether Japan, which up to a few months ago was able to flank our forces at Manila and Guam, cannot now herself be flanked by attack from Siberia and the south.

A look at the map shows us not only the new size of Japan but also the extent of her weakness:

1. In the far north, at the Kuril Islands, Japan formerly held a small scouting force intended to shadow our movements from Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians, 1,500 miles away. Now, however, with the possibility of Allied descent from Kamchatkan airfields or from the Soviets' Komandorski Islands, only 500 miles away, she must station a large protective force there with strong air defense.

2. Japan's central industries and naval bases are grouped along the Inland Sea, ideally protected from Pacific attack. But at any moment the Vladivostok force of some 50 or 60 submarines can cause a major threat within the sea itself; and the bombing distance from the mainland is only 600 miles.

3. Japan's southern outpost, Camranh Bay, is 2,500 miles from home bases. Communications are kept open via Hainan, Formosa and the Pescadores Islands. In wartime a large force would have to be stationed all along the line to guard commerce and supplies against forays from Hong Kong (air and submarine), attack by the British-Australasian fleet (consisting of possibly one battleship, four cruisers and half a flotilla of destroyers) and a possible supporting operation by the Netherlands Indies fleet (four cruisers, possibly ten destroyers and a strong submarine and flying-boat force).

4. The presence of Manila, the base of the United States Asiatic fleet, right alongside this line of communications, and likely at any time to be strengthened by units of the Pacific fleet, would constitute the greatest threat to Japan at the outbreak of war. Her admirals might decide that Luzon must at once be invaded; and this would call for detaching a force of at least two battleships, some divisions of cruisers and all their escorts.

5. Meanwhile, Japan must keep the way open to her mandated islands, some of which lie 2,000 miles out in the Pacific, and defend them.

6. For so long as these threats from all four sides on a front 5,000 miles long and 3,000 miles deep continued, Japan would be left only a sharply diminished fleet in home waters, against the time when the American main body might dare the advance into the western Pacific.

It remains to determine how this American advance might best be made. Here again we run into two opposing schools of thought: the big-ship, slug-it-out school, and the small-ship, hit-and-run school. Captain W. D. Puleston, the former chief of Naval Intelligence, counsels a stately, full-strength, fleet-formation march in the Mahan style, contemptuous of submarine hazards, and challenging the enemy to come out and fight. With its new eighteen-knot tankers and auxiliaries, the fleet could virtually carry its base along with it, he thinks. But writers like Fletcher Pratt, believing that the battle fleet must stay pinned to a 2,500-mile operating radius about Pearl Harbor, advise stabbing at Japan with our cruising submarines (based on Guam or even Hong Kong), our patrol bombers (based on some thirty seaplane tenders), and our 12,000-mile cruisers.

Either plan has objections. The big fleet might not succeed in calling out the Japanese, and merely be made to look silly a thousand miles offshore, while submarines bedeviled it. The isolated cruisers, on approaching island waters, might suffer the same quick fate which overtook Britain's York and Southampton at the hands of bombers in the Mediterranean. There is, however, a midway solution. It combines the values of both the quick descent and the hard punch. This plan may save some of our older and weaker ships from attack; and all that it asks is that we let nothing

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dissuade us from putting our newest and biggest ships into that ocean where they are likely to meet the newest and biggest opponents—the Pacific.

It is reported that in recent American fleet maneuvers the Command experimented with tactical units of a new kind—speedy striking forces of great power that were detached from the main, slow-moving body in order to attack the enemy's flanks or to draw him toward a point where the main force could get at him. These units consisted of an aircraft carrier supported by several cruisers. They could maintain speeds up to thirty knots, and could run away from any of Japan's pre-1941 battleships. But their value fell off with the coming of this year, when Japan completed some battleships so fast as to be able to keep up with them and smash them to bits.

At the same time, however, we are completing our own fast battleships. The only trouble is that there has been some reluctance to put them in the Pacific. Suppose, now, that our thirty-knot North Carolina were brigaded with an aircraft carrier, several heavy cruisers and a flotilla of destroyers, and sent far in advance of our waiting old-time fleet. This unit would constitute a small all-round fleet in itself, of tremendous fire and bomb-power. Suppose now that a similar team were built about the sister-ship Washington; and suppose that one of these were sent to Singapore, to operate northward upon commerce, and the other toward the coast of Japan, to deliver direct air attacks upon harbors. Against spread-out Japanese forces they would be able to carry out a double envelopment; and in case they fell in with Japan's concentrated main force they would be fast enough to run from all but its two newest battleships, against which they would probably be eager to take up the gage.

Such high-speed fleets would be an expression of the new doctrines of mobile front and armored assault. They would not of themselves excuse the slower Pearl Harbor battleships from further duty; but, by being ready to take up an immediate offensive at the outbreak of war, they would ease the present two-way strain on the naval establishment and give it time to gather in its forces. They would keep Japan guessing as to where we meant to strike. Above all, their presence would declare that as long as Japan desires to maintain an aggressive frontier toward the United States, the United States will seek to keep that frontier as near to Japan as possible.

The Japanese admirals don't want to fight unless they know that the forces opposite are inferior to theirs. This surely is not the time to relax pressure, but to exert it.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Is There an Oil Shortage?

So much confusion and misrepresentation have been spread concerning our available oil supplies that any discussion of these supplies may best be begun by three assertions: first, that there is a serious oil shortage which will almost certainly become more serious; second, that the administration of the shortage has on the whole been sound; third, that a part of the American press has been guilty of a shameful distortion, both of the origins of the shortage and of its continued existence.

There is a serious oil shortage. It is not primarily a shortage of gasoline, but of two far more vital products, heavy fuel oil used in the heating of homes during the winter, and crude oil used in factories and in the bunkering of naval vessels. The shortage is not apparent now, but it may be only too clear before the winter is over. The total oil consumption is 10 percent higher than in 1940. The supply of available tankers has been cut by 20 percent. Stocks of oil are 9,000,000 barrels less than in 1940, which itself was a difficult year. From now on the shortage may well be intensified. The use of naval and air patrols to protect convoys will greatly increase the total oil consumption of the Eastern seaboard. In addition, we are in danger of losing through submarine action many of the 200 available tankers which are left.

The purpose of the curtailment of gasoline consumption was to free these tankers to carry heavy fuel and crude oil to the Eastern seaboard to replenish stocks which were dangerously low. In this, Secretary Ickes, unlike the directors of the OPM, was acting to forestall a shortage before it arose. For this he was roundly condemned by the special committee of the Senate and by the conservative press, which eagerly accepted the committee's criticism of the administration. The committee refused to admit that a future shortage was a shortage at all.

Late in August, the railroads announced that 20,000 tank cars were available to transport oil. The exact number is open to question, but there is no doubt that a great many cars can now be used, and should have been used early in the summer. Secretary Ickes is to blame for this failure; if he had chosen independent administrators to coördinate the petroleum supply, every possible type of transportation would have been employed. Instead, he chose as his administrators oil men who were interested in the construction of further pipe lines, and thereby he favored one side of a long continued and bitter fight. J. J. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads, openly told the special committee of the Senate that his group had obstructed for two years the construction of

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two important pipe lines desired by the oil companies. With oil men acting as Ickes' aides, it was not surprising that an agreement was not reached with the railroads until the last possible moment.

The curfew established on August 1 and the 10-percent reduction in gasoline consumption added on August 10 by Secretary Ickes have both been attacked as unnecessary and harmful measures. Actually, given the disorganization of the railroads, the absence of any agreement on the tank cars and the low level of stocks, both measures were desirable. The curfew, by eliminating night operation and electricity bills, reduced the overhead cost of retailing by about 25 percent and helped to place a limit on the increase in the price of gasoline. When the voluntary reduction of gasoline consumption failed, it would have been foolhardy of Ickes not to have rationed sales.

A great deal of confusion concerning the shortage could have been avoided had there been a central authority directing the defense program when the issue arose. Since there was none, it was possible for Ickes to ask for the construction of an oil pipe line to New Jersey with the approval of the President and the War and Navy Departments, while the transportation section of the OPM insisted that all available steel supplies were needed for railway-car construction, and the Maritime Commission advanced its own scheme of reinforced concrete barges. That issue is now being settled, as it should be, by the Supplies, Priorities and Allocations Board.

Clearly, mistakes were made, but they do not excuse the shameless behavior of the isolationist press of America and members of the Senate, who attempted to discredit the program from beginning to end. The government has proof that on August 1 an important news agency deliberately falsified first reports of the success of the curfew. From that moment on, misleading statistics from unauthoritative sources—including James Moffett, an independent oil operator and Roosevelt-hater—were accepted and published even by leading newspapers like The New York Times. On the day that Eastern oil stocks reached their lowest point, a campaign of personal attacks upon Ickes was begun, regrettably enough, in The Christian Science Monitor. It was quickly seized upon by the Patterson papers—The Washington Times-Herald and The New York Daily News—and the Scripps-Howard chain, which abused Ickes bitterly for following the example of every farmer in keeping a gasoline pump on his country estate.

As early as August 11, a confidential memorandum of the America First Committee invited non-coöperation with the oil-conservation program by declaring that there was no shortage at all. Its charge was quickly repeated by all the isolationist forces. On August 20, editorials in The Washington Times-Herald and The New York Daily News implied that the entire shortage was nothing more than a "show put on for the purpose of making people war conscious."

One instance of the use made of a single false rumor is typical of attempts made to sabotage the oil-conservation program. On June 1 The Wall Street Journal published an editorial criticizing the transfer of tankers to the British on the grounds that there remained an apparent excess of 500 tankers under British control exclusive of the American tankers transferred. Said the editorial:

> What, it is reasonable to ask, are these 500 British tankers doing? Are they by any chance employed in serving the British export trade on a business-as-usual basis while American oil companies have been asked to surrender ships serving American consumers?

This editorial contained detailed statistics whch were completely false. The Wall Street Journal's estimate of Britain's tanker supply was larger by 150 than she actually possessed; the estimate that she needs no more than 250 tankers was less than half of her minimum needs. Yet this editorial was immediately reprinted throughout America. It was commented upon by The London Economist as an expression of the viewpoint of the American oil companies. The Economist's statement was instantly republished in America, out of its context, as a confirmation of The Wall Street Journal's charge. It was then served up in a garbled form by an isolationist Senator whose conclusions were accepted as a new and altogether independent source of information. They were, of course, used as confirming the original accusation that "British financial interests" were misusing badly needed resources.

From the detailed evidence that I have seen I am certain that Britain's need for tankers was desperate when the transfer of our tankers was made. I am certain also from statements that I have seen that the many other rumors that Britain has used tankers within the last year to supply Japan, to store oil and to carry unnecessary shipments for the sake of business profits are all untrue. These slanders take their place beside the malicious lies published on August 22 in The Washington Times-Herald, The Chicago Tribune and The New York Daily News that the British Purchasing Commission charged $30,000 worth of food and wine in one Washington restaurant to the lease-lend bill and that these expenses were withheld from the American people by the President as military secrets.

The President stated that these charges were part of "a systematic campaign of sabotage and plain dirty falsehoods." An investigation of these charges and not gossip about Secretary Ickes' private oil pump is our urgent necessity as the Russian armies are driven back and ships go down in the Atlantic.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Washington

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The Big Fish Get Away

A PERIOD OF WAR—or near war—is commonly supposed to be a period of sacrifice. For this reason there has been no significant protest against the 1941 income-tax bill which has just become the law of the land. This measure will increase individual income taxes in the $3,000 to $5,000 income classes by from three to four times their present figures. A married man, making $3,000 a year (and with no dependents) is now paying a $31 federal income tax. Under the new bill, he will pay $138. An unmarried man, with the same income, is now taxed $84 a year. He will pay $221 under the new act. Yet the public is apparently accepting these additional taxes without question. They are a part of the price that must be paid for Hitler's defeat.

But although many sacrifices are being demanded of the people of this country, no sacrifices are being demanded of the corporations. Billions of dollars of war orders are being filled in plants financed by other billions of dollars of government money.[1] The current level of business activity is far above the highest point reached in 1929. Bank loans have increased, during the past year, by more than three billion dollars. Prices—in spite of various price-control gestures from Washington—have steadily gone up. We may not be in a shooting war, but we are certainly in a shooting war-boom. And of this boom the business man is, as usual, the major beneficiary.

True, the business man himself does not dance on any housetop or fling up any hat. The usual corporate executive would not endorse the resurrection of the dead if he thought that the present administration had anything to do with that phenonemon. He will never plead guilty to any prosperity which proceeds partly from Franklin Roosevelt and partly from Adolf Hitler. Nevertheless, he is making more money today than he made in 1940 and he will probably make more money in 1942 than he is making in 1941. And his favorite argument—that his operating profits are drained away by high taxes to such an extent that a record volume of business does him no good—is such a distortion of the truth that it is hard to see how he can advance it in anything approaching good faith. Indeed, the current revenue bill is itself an astonishing example of congressional solicitude for corporate profits.

The revenue act of 1941 increases the normal tax on corporate income from 24 percent to 31 percent and increases the excess-profits tax (on excess profits of more than $500,000) from 50 percent to 60 percent. The excess-profits-tax provision, however, repeats the fundamental error of the 1940 act by giving the corporations their choice between the "average-earnings" basis and the "return on investment" basis of calculating excess profits. On the average-earnings basis, the average annual profit for the years from 1936 through 1939 is taken as the ordinary or normal profit. Current earnings in excess of 95 percent of this amount are taxed as excess profits. On the return-on-investment basis, the ordinary or normal profit is taken as a profit which will give the corporation an 8-percent return on its investment, the investment being defined as the capital and the surplus plus half the funded debt.

Companies such as Eastman Kodak and Coca-Cola, which have a small capital and no debt and which customarily make much more than 8 percent on their investment, calculate their excess profits on the average-earnings basis. Companies with a tremendous capital and an appalling debt—almost any railroad is a prime example—calculate their excess profits on the return-on-investment basis. It is quite possible for a company of the first type to make 20 percent or more on its capital investment and pay little, if any, excess-profits tax. And many companies of the second type could double, triple or quadruple their 1936-39 average earnings without being even remotely threatened by the excess-profits tax. As long as excess profits are calculated on this optional basis, the bark of the excess-profits tax will be very much worse than its bite.

Let us see how this matter of federal taxes—and particularly of excess-profits taxes—has worked out in the case of a company that has been one of the most direct beneficiaries of the defense program. This company makes a good illustration because it has reported for a fiscal year ending April 30 and its net income is therefore after taxes actually paid and not after some arbitrary reserve set up by the company in anticipation of taxes to be paid in the future.[1] The company is American Car and Foundry which, in peaceable times, makes chiefly freight cars for railroads. Now, of course, it is jammed with war orders. And the following changes have been reported in American Car and Foundry's income account:

[1] By July 31, 1941, the United States government had put up no less than $3,293,000,000 to finance new factories for the production of war materials.

[1] This point is of some importance, because corporation reports for the first half of 1941 often show net incomes which have been artificially lowered by very large contingent tax reserves. Sears, Roebuck, for instance, reported a six months' 1941 net income of $12,876,000—a comparatively small increase over the $12,282,000 reported for the first six months of 1940. But the 1941 profit was after the deduction of $17,619,000 as a reserve against *estimated* federal income taxes for the *full year* of 1941. Thus Sears charged its first half earnings with its full year's taxes and did not spare the horses when it made its guess as to what its taxes might be. On a before-tax basis Sears six months' profit was about $30,000,000 compared to about $15,000,000 (on the same basis) for the first half of the previous year.

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AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY

	Year ending April 30, 1941	*Year ending April 30, 1940*
Sales	$67,192,000	$35,795,000
Operating profit	6,853,000	Deficit 652,000
Net before federal taxes	7,356,000	Deficit 10,777
Normal tax	2,127,000	None
Excess-profits tax	67,000	None
Net after federal taxes	5,161,000	Deficit 10,777

Now it is quite true that American Car and Foundry had to pay $2,194,000 in federal income taxes for its 1941 year, whereas it did not have to pay any federal income taxes for its 1940 year. It would have cleared better than $7,000,000 on the current year had Washington not absconded with about 30 percent of its before-taxes profit. (Notice, however, that the excess-profits tax came to only about 3 percent of the total tax.) Under the new revenue bill, its income tax would have been larger by about $500,000. But, when all these things are said, the fact remains that American Car and Foundry *now has a net income to tax.* It is $5,000,000 better off than it was a year ago.

And the great majority of other corporate statements—particularly the statements of large industrial corporations—differ from the ACF report in degree only and not in kind. As far as can be told from first-half reports, corporate earnings for 1941 are running about 25 percent ahead of 1940. And this increase is after allowances—often after quite remarkable allowances—for federal taxes under the new revenue bill. Industries most immediately affected by the war are, of course, showing much greater profit increases. Thus a group of sixteen large steel companies—comprising most of the industry—have made a 66-percent advance on last year's net. But as inflation continues, consumer industries—such as meat-packing, mail-order houses and chain stores—are getting on the bandwagon. Ultimately, few types of business will find themselves left behind.

No one will deny that current corporate profits are war profits. They do not result from any improvement in product and certainly not from any reduction in price. They were created by the tremendous amounts of money which the government has been putting into circulation and which it will undoubtedly continue to put into circulation for a considerable period to come.

There is no reason—there is not even any excuse—for a company making extra money out of the present emergency. The British do not permit their companies to use the war period as a means of catching up with back dividends or putting something aside for a rainy and peaceful day.

When Congress was debating the 1941 revenue measure, it must have known that the excess-profits tax was not properly fulfilling its function either as a collector of income or as a deterrent to profiteering. Treasury experts urged Congress to eliminate the optional basis of calculating the tax. Certain economic heretics proposed a special tax on companies which were increasing their profits but which, by taking advantage of the earnings-or-investment option, were eluding the excess-profits tax. But the Treasury experts went unheeded and the special tax was voted down.

Indeed, when a committee from the Senate met with a committee from the House to produce a composite House-and-Senate bill for the President's approval, a majority of the Senate committee wanted complete exemption from the excess-profits tax for all companies engaged in the production of vital war metals (as, for instance, steel and aluminum). For this proposal the House committee, fortunately, would not stand. In increasing the tax rate on "normal" profits, Congress took a step in the right direction. But the excess-profits tax is still equipped with a set of extremely false teeth.

The emergency confronting this country is financial as well as military. The 1941 revenue bill may raise three and one-half billion dollars, but the government's annual expenditures may run to thirty billion dollars in this chaotic world. (What, by the way, has become of the gentlemen who used to reiterate so endlessly that two billion dollars of relief money per annum were driving the country straight to the dogs?) Today the government really does need every dollar it can lay its hands on. Hence the "broadening of the tax base," through which a man making $15 a week is now subject to a federal income tax. Hence the new excise taxes plus "nuisance" levies of various kinds. Yet the corporations are making more money than they made before our defense expenditures started, and the investor is conceded an 8-percent return on his investment before any eyebrow can be lifted at the profits his company may make. No one today can make 8 percent, or anything like 8 percent, by *lending* his money. What is so normal about 8 percent on investments?

During the First World War, the business man was in the forefront of the war effort. He waved the flag, he bought Liberty Bonds, he flocked to Washington in large numbers, and although he made a good deal of money out of war orders, at least he usually put up his own plant in which to fill them. But from the present crisis, the business man has held himself decidedly aloof. The stock market—which is the best index of the industrialist's blood-pressure—has remained so sluggish that average stock prices are considerably lower than they were when the war began. The business man does not want to increase plant capacity. He does not want to pay overtime wages.

This country is enlisted in the struggle against fascism. That struggle will not be won without great effort and, as I have said, great sacrifices. It may not now be long before men will be asked to give their lives for their country. But whatever effort the business man is making, he is making with obvious ill will.

E. D. KENNEDY

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Parkchester: Middle-Class Houses

THE MIDDLE CLASS needs more and better new homes than it has been getting. During the past six years the federal government has invested billions in low-cost housing for restricted-income groups. But the supermarket for middle-class housing awaits more private investments like the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's $50,000,000 Parkchester development, the future home of 42,000 people in New York City's Bronx borough. Parkchester is not a "model" town. It is rather (1) a mass-construction outlet for private investment of idle money, (2) a low-cost-housing project and, incidentally (3), the largest planned residential community on record.

Investment. – Parkchester is primarily the result of too much money. Since the end of the last war, and especially since 1930, the Metropolitan Life, Parkchester's builder, owner and operator, has watched its assets multiply tenfold. The Metropolitan by 1938 had some $5,000,000,000 in idle cash reserves, and this surplus is still increasing at the rate of $200,000,000 a year. Such a surge in assets during a depression period means increasing investment problems. Today the Metropolitan has a billion dollars invested in United States government bonds, almost two billions in municipal and corporate securities, and close to a billion in real-estate mortgages. Yet from 1928 to 1938 the average investment return declined from 5 to 3.5 percent. The Metropolitan's two largest competitors, Prudential and New York Life, since 1934 have bought up half the $100,000,000 in mortgages issued by the Federal Housing Authority. The Metropolitan has none of these mortgages, which produce a return of slightly less than 4 percent. Instead the company successfully promoted amendments to New York State laws enabling life-insurance companies to invest up to 10 percent of their assets in housing and now has an additional $450,000,000 potential for housing developments. Although no estimates have been released on Parkchester, the Metropolitan should realize well over 5 percent, plus amortization charges.

The company's apartment-house-building enterprise began in 1922, when it built 54 five-story walk-ups to accommodate 2,125 families in the borough of Queens, the largest private housing project known prior to the Parkchester scheme. Opened during the 1924 housing shortage, this $7,500,000 development annually returned 6 percent on capital invested, plus 3-percent amortization. Interested not so much in following Jacob Riis's ideals of eliminating slums and blighted areas as in investing his 29,000,000 policy-holders' premiums in profitable assets, Metropolitan's chairman, Frederick Ecker, looked toward another housing development as a sound and conservative investment, a market for low-cost middle-class housing and a source of just as much goodwill for Metropolitan Life.

Town-Planned. – Parkchester is not the ideal home development, nor was it intended to be so. The healthiest place to raise a family is in a single-home unit in a rural area (where land costs only $100 per acre) of the Greenbelt type, or the model-city type built in nearby Radburn, New Jersey, eleven years ago. But Parkchester is an excellent home for 12,000 families who would otherwise live in less healthy and more expensive apartments just as close to their work. Especially designed and planned to provide high-grade dwelling facilities at comparatively low rents, Parkchester is the only place in the country where so large a population of moderate ($1,800-$4,500 a year) income groups will enjoy such uniformly modern living conditions.

While the depression ran its course during the early thirties new techniques were developed in housing construction, and the idea of the *planned* residential community was accepted as legitimate. After toying with the new housing idea for five years, the Metropolitan in 1938 bought a 129-acre site in the Bronx, an undeveloped estate of a Catholic orphanage, for which it paid 71 cents per square foot. Apartment-house land in small lots in the Bronx runs about $1 per square foot.

The first section of Parkchester opened in March, 1940, and the entire project will be completed late this year. The "town" is actually a huge distorted rectangle two miles around, diagonally crossed by two four-lane landscaped parkways which meet at a central oval and divide the development into irregular quadrants, or superblocks. Only one-fourth of the 129 acres is covered with the 58 scattered buildings, which is double the standard set by most town planners for a land-building ratio in a restricted urban area. Another quarter of Parkchester is streets and parkways, and the remaining half of the rolling ground has been landscaped into terraced lawns and play areas, with thousands of trees, but little expensive shrubbery. Inside the quadrants there are no through streets and the entrances into the parking areas are narrow and winding to discourage speeding traffic. Here especially the superblock layout shows its advantages over the city-planned gridiron rectangular-block scheme which, although it could have squeezed 24,800 families into more closely spaced buildings, would have required fourteen criss-crossing roadways.

Parkchester actually is 51 fireproof elevator apartments varying in height from six to thirteen stories. In addition there are five ramp garages which can accommodate about 4,000 cars, a 2,000-seat theatre and

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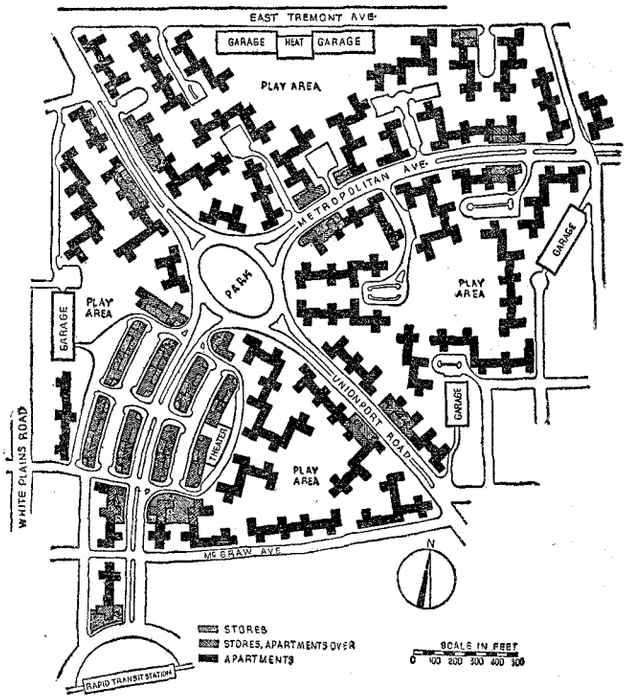
a central-heating plant. Two hundred stores—the largest being R. H. Macy's only New York branch department store—have been built into the first floor of almost half of the apartments. With a 1941-42 assessed valuation of $43,410,000, the "town" is listed second only to Rockefeller Center as the most valuable property in New York City.

Prices. – More than half of Parkchester's two-to-six-room apartments (mostly threes and fours) have been rented, ranging in price from $32 to $71 a month. The rent per room is from $12.60 to $17.67, or an average of $13, including gas and electricity. The rent compares favorably with $11 per room per month at the fourteen-year-old Amalgamated (clothing workers) Coöperative Apartments accommodating 924 families in the Bronx, and with the original $9 rate at the Metropolitan's Queens project. Parkchester's shelter cost matches the $30 average in the best Bronx apartment, the $18-$28 for a room in a modern six-story, self-service-apartment, and the $8-$12 for quarters in an old four-story walk-up. Government housing runs about $7-9 per room per month in New York. But Parkchester was definitely not designed to have any effect on New York's slum problem. The $32-$71 rent range, for instance, might be compared with the $24-$35 range at the subsidized Vladeck Federal Houses in lower Manhattan. Parkchester's per-dwelling-unit average cost (including land) is about $4,100, compared to the most recent over-all average comparable USHA dwelling unit cost of $4,300. In addition, Parkchester's planners claim they have bigger rooms and more extensive landscaping than the average USHA project.

There is nothing radical in the interior design of Parkchester dwelling units: the dining room-foyer and kitchen are likely to be near the entrance with a living room beyond, and beyond that a hall off which bathrooms and bedrooms open. The step-saving, semi-circular kitchens are excellently planned, and the bedrooms are cross-ventilated.

The design of Parkchester's buildings centers around the development of five wing plans and three different core plans containing the service elements—stair wells, elevator shafts, public corridors, incinerators and slop sinks; thus slight alterations and the different combinations of these eight plans permit great variety in Parkchester's fifty-one standardized buildings.

The Metropolitan admits that "very good" prices were obtained through the mass purchasing of material and equipment. Basic floor plans, simplified design and drafting and duplication of dimensions made for many economies in construction. Still other cost reductions resulted from identical bathrooms, three standardized kitchen patterns, no dining rooms, minimum of corridor space, and conversion of basements into terrace apartments. Four central oil-burning boilers distribute steam to all the buildings. A damper of each radiator concealed in the walls is the tenant's only heat control; fiber-glass insulation of all exterior walls reduced the capacity of the heating plant, will shave operating expenses considerably, and—like most of Parkchester—will more than pay for itself.



The apartments at Parkchester provide an unheard-of amount of air, light and green grass, by New York City middle-class standards.

Results. – Parkchester's 42,000 tenants will be carefully selected families of mechanics and truck-drivers, or merchants, or minor executives, of any nationality and religion. The management expects them to fit into the Bronx as easily as Parkchester's street numbers. But, only half-filled, the community already has shown an in-group feeling that has emerged in forty social and athletic groups, a symphony orchestra, two self-supporting newspapers, and the back-fence friendliness that usually develops in such an integrated group.

Healthy young mothers and small children are seen everywhere. The median adult age is far below the New York average, and young couples are much more abundant than in the average town the size of Parkchester. In the early-age group, there are two-thirds more children under five than in the normal urban area.

On the technical side no major errors in planning or construction have been detected. The planning of course could have been varied. Dwelling walls could have been completely soundproofed, underpasses for pedestrians could have been built into the parkways, the density per acre and the height of buildings could have been decreased, but only at the sacrifice of investment return or by upping the rent scale. Parkchester is definitely much more than just another housing project.

There are rumors in New York that other interests have launched surveys looking forward to similar de-

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velopments. The Metropolitan itself has already announced construction of two 2,600-unit, two-story apartments to be opened in Los Angeles and San Francisco next year. Metropolitan Life claims there is room for both government and private housing, each aimed at different income groups. It would be interesting to see a government yardstick for middle-class housing.

EDGAR BEIGEL

Anthracite Stalemate

LIKE THE LUDDITES of a century ago, several thousand free-lance or "bootleg" miners have been roving Schuylkill County's anthracite fields, smashing, burning and dynamiting steam shovels and other machinery used in "strip" or surface mining.

The pitched battle fought between 1,500 miners and company police at Donaldson in July, when thirteen of the "bootleggers" were shot and a score of others injured by clubs, brought 150 state troopers into the county, clad in the black riot helmets they have not had to wear since pre-Pinchot days. Governor James, who insists he used to be a breaker boy himself, went so far as to call for a legislative inquiry. But he must have known as well as the legislators that only three days remained of the biennial session, and that there was no chance of an effective probe.

What has been happening here, without benefit of publicity, is one of the major economic and social stories of our time. The 1941 "Grapes of Wrath" would not be written about Okies, but about the multiplying ghost towns of this once populous area; about the 13,000 miners who, thrown out of jobs by the depression, have taken to free-lance mining; about the treacherous holes in which they dig and in which at least a hundred were trapped and suffocated last year; about the new livelihood they have thus fashioned for themselves; and now finally about their threatened loss of even that, as coal operators and big companies turn from shaft mining to the more profitable surface mining.

For that is the story behind the violence that has flared up here after a year of minor clashes. The possibility of an oil shortage because of defense needs has given the anthracite region its first chance for a comeback since it lost its markets with the depression. But instead of reopening closed collieries, or expanding facilities to provide jobs for the unemployed, the companies have actually been abandoning shaft mining in favor of the easier and much cheaper steam-shovel mining, from close-to-the-surface veins.

As Governor James himself admitted, uncontrolled stripping, by permitting water to be drained into the coal veins, "may make forever impossible successful mining of the coal which lies below the reach of the steam shovels," and could bottle up the nation's hard-coal needs "for the next fifty years." In addition, the same tonnage of coal can be removed from strip mines with only one-fourth the manpower needed in shaft mining. As mining is transferred to a strip basis, three men are thrown out of work for every one employed, the Governor emphasized, "in a part of the state where there now is virtually nothing for them and their families to do except to go on relief." The strip mine at Donaldson, where the rioting took place, would, under full operation, turn out 1,000,000 tons of coal a year. This is one-sixth as much coal as was stripped all last year, and one-fiftieth of the total anthracite mined last year.

Continued stripping on this scale would bring to the anthracite fields "the most titanic depression" they have ever seen, and would "throw out of work virtually all the anthracite miners now employed." The quotes are still Governor James's.

It is plain that Pennsylvania's Governor at least recognizes the immensity of the problem. But his added declaration that he would never use state police "to protect private activities which I believe to be contrary to the public welfare" is belied by the facts. Even as he spoke, mounted troopers were providing the protection under which strip mining was resumed at Donaldson and the other operations where machines were wrecked, at Kohler's Gap and Good Spring.

In this situation, the union is helpless. It wants to preserve the jobs of its employed members, even though the jobs dwindle in number. Yet most of the unemployed miners were union members, too. Time and time again, United Mine Workers officials have helped coal operators work out plans whereby "bootlegging" would be abolished and the unemployed miners gradually reabsorbed in expanding production. Time and time again they have been put off.

Pennsylvania has attempted stabilization of its billion-dollar anthracite industry through a voluntary-quota plan which it calls the Anthracite Emergency Program. This has just been renewed for another year. The ninety-six coöperating companies make out very well under the quota system, particularly since there is no penalty for occasional infractions. But the quota plan not only freezes out the "bootleg" miners; it actually adds to their number. Since its intent was to absorb the unemployed, its success could hardly be called striking.

Hard coal is now our chief secondary fuel; in wartime it would become of prime importance. Nationalization of anthracite has long been spoken of. Now, to save a vital natural resource and to prevent a serious fracture in the American economic and social structure, the whole complex anthracite problem should be investigated by Congress, with special reference to the question of nationalization. Pennsylvania's inability to cope with the problem has made action mandatory and inescapable.

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

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Washington Notes

Bad News for the Isolationists

CONGRESS had a profitable vacation. Back in their home districts for a month, with nothing to do but mend fences and catch up on local opinion, congressmen found that they were far behind their constituents on foreign policy and related questions. The President's rattlesnake speech, delivered while members were out of Washington, was well received even in the traditionally isolationist Middle West. The country took it in stride and was ready for the shooting to start. Moreover, it seemed to know much more definitely than did its representatives in Congress what the shooting was to be about.

The evidences of unified sentiment they found around them had a marked effect on the legislators. Isolationists were less confident. Some who were not irrevocably committed to the Wheeler doctrine started sidling or boldly jumping into the interventionist camp. Administration leaders, quickly sensing the change, assured the President that a new lease-lend appropriation could be voted. He responded with a request for $6,000,000,000. Contrary to expectation, the House approved the Senate tax bill without a murmur. The Treasury immediately started work on a supplemental measure designed to backstop the original.

Among the converts to intervention, Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas was by all odds the most important. Capper is of the school of democrats that follows rather than leads. When he takes a position on an important public issue, one may be certain that opinion has jelled in Kansas and that the Senator reflects it. He has the circulation of several important farm journals as well as his seat in Congress to consider. His shift was good news to the administration and, conversely, bad news to the President's enemies. So was the subsequent announcement that Representative Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois had followed Capper's example under the guns of The Chicago Tribune and with senatorial ambitions to consider.

Under compulsion to do something about the losses, the Wheeler gang could think of nothing better, apparently, than an anti-Semitic excursion. But if the Jew-baiting implicit in the movie investigations and explicit in the speeches of Charles A. Lindbergh and Senator Gerald P. Nye showed them anything, it was that religious intolerance is still repugnant to most Americans. An inquiring reporter found Nye in disgrace in his home town. The Chicago Tribune, of all things, rebuked Lindbergh.

President Roosevelt was publicly and privately urged to take advantage of the isolationists' exile to the doghouse to repeal or modify the Neutrality Act to permit arming of merchantmen. Whether he will follow this advice is still uncertain. Remembering Wilson's experience with the willful men of the Senate when he tried to arm merchant vessels, Roosevelt will move cautiously. No less an authority than Senator Charles McNary, Republican floor leader, believes two-thirds of the upper branch would support amendments to the Neutrality Act. But there is no immediate reason for the President to overtax his new strength.

Commotion over Thomas G. Corcoran's coup in the anti-trust suit against Sterling Products, Inc., and affiliated companies, probably has made it impossible for President Roosevelt to appoint him Solitictor General. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate has discussed the case at a private meeting. The consensus seemed to be that Corcoran's nomination would have hard sailing both in the committee and in the Senate itself. Senators who dislike Corcoran for other reasons could use his services to Sterling as an excuse for opposition.

There can be no doubt that Corcoran wants the solicitor generalship and that the President is under obligation to give it to him unless he withdraws voluntarily. More than any other single person, perhaps, Corcoran was responsible for the size of the President's majority in the last election. He was both brain-trust and money-raiser for the effective campaign waged by the Independent Voters in 1940.

Moreover, Corcoran has been endorsed for the solicitor generalship by influential leaders in all camps. Four Supreme Court Justices have recommended him for the job —all of the New Deal appointees except Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter. So have such weighty conservatives as Undersecretary Jones Forrestal of the Navy and Undersecretary Robert Patterson of the War Department.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes will eventually have his chance to say "I told you so" to all the assorted belittlers of the oil shortage. Eastern gasoline stocks amount to only about 6,000,000 barrels and are going down at the rate of about 500,000 barrels a week. So the pinch will come in twelve weeks, if not sooner. Senator Francis Malone of Connecticut, chairman of the committee that denied the existence of a shortage and recommended that all limitations on use be lifted, will have some explaining to do when Connecticut industries start closing down.

Malone's personal friendship with John J. Pelley, spokesman for the railroads at the committee hearings, probably had something to do with the Senator's long lead off base. Pelley's objective was twofold: to step up the railroads' take on oil hauling and to put a kink in the proposed transcontinental pipe-line project. The committee's report was for all practical purposes a rewrite of his testimony.

United States Army intelligence officers who have taken an unmerciful beating for their predictions that the Russian army would not be able to stand up to the Nazis now contend that they were right at the beginning in all but their timing. They believe recent Russian reverses are even more serious than they seem. But they concede that their error in timing was important. Having resisted as long and as well as they have, the Russians' morale is probably good enough to prevent a Vichy kind of settlement even if the battle ends in a rout.

Behind the rank-and-file dues strike against the United Mine Workers lies dissatisfaction with John L. Lewis' use of UMW funds to fight his political enemies, who are now the New Dealers. Lewis' latest project of this kind was the South Carolina senatorial primary. He opposed B. R. Maybank, the Roosevelt-supported candidate. Maybank won.

Washington T. R. B.

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War Winnings

The Wookey, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Plymouth Theatre, September 10, 1941.

TO BE SURE OF KEEPING the essence of democracy, Mr. Julian Huxley says in his latest book, "Democracy Marches," the state must not frown on individual initiative and voluntary organizations, but encourage them and use them to the greatest possible extent. It must not stamp out freedom of thought and opinion, but must deliberately protect them. It must not try to regiment the whole population into a single machine obeying the will of the gang behind the state, but must encourage them in creative criticism and liberty of association and independent action. It must aim at variety, not uniformity; at tolerance, not blind acceptance of dogma; at willing coöperation, not obedience; at government through consent, not through force and violence.

Exactly that is the text of "The Wookey," the new war play at the Plymouth. Perhaps that is the best thing about "The Wookey," though I imagine the chance for players to play is as good a part of it. Mr. Brennan as playwright has got together a certain amount of pseudo-cockney and sound effects. "The Wookey" also presents a certain reticence of exhibitionism, persistent and tedious for all that, and a certain slow sincerity in affectation that remind us of the London stage.

Now that observation, since we are on the subject, brings us to a point far more important than a Wookey piece could ever be. This point concerns the problem as to why so superb a race, magnificent at the core, rich in emotional substance, not so much eager as plain greedy, at the same time both shy and omnipresent, modest in good fortune and, if not so, otherwise lyric, the problem, to repeat, as to why in art the British should prefer, or so it seems, the rather sillier side of themselves. What I mean is a taste for whimsy, oddity, characterisms, sweet fancies, eccentric privacies and homey quips, as contrasted with the sharp facts of the matter, with points and truths as downright as plumbing.

One way of taking that, perhaps, is to say that with them art has small immediacy as a voice or expression of them. Which amounts to saying that, so far as concerns the theatre, for example, there is a certain incapacity for any serious approach to it that goes beyond the tangential, oddish, flirtatious or arbitrary, a matter of mincing, bravura and posturing. "The Wookey" throws characterization all over the place like stage money, softens all with a vaunted sense of humor, and proffers us expensive records of air-raid sounds in London. It gives us too the utmost realism of scene by Mr. Jo Mielziner. It is so well done in fact that where, as in the last act, the audience is supposed to be resolved into the tragic temper, bitter, human and propulsive, it finds itself instead clapping for scenery and electric bulberisms, a not unwholesome demonstration, once art is out of mind. Meanwhile it is savagely true that we are first eased along by means of divers waggeries, jerked up short, laid low, jerked up again, and finally, as the play proceeds, gassed with a visiting monotony of mood.

I have doubtless given the impression that the play was written by an English dramatist, but that is not the case. Mr. Brennan is an American, and the play itself enjoys our own Broadway invention, theatrical motif and busy hokum. But there are, nevertheless, the fond follies of the favored London drama steadily impinging on it, like that mildewed ear of Hamlet's blasting its wholesome brother.

The story of the play is that Mr. Wookey, so self-conscious and quaintly free that even his wife enjoys his image, is a bit of a card even in wartime. He owns a tugboat, criticizes the government, writes Winston Churchill a letter of protest after bringing men from Dunkirk and being charged a bill for the gasoline he used, and so on; but is finally brought to the state of mind where he too takes a machine-gun to the Germans. Meanwhile, what's more, his wife is killed and his house blown to bits, but he has remained free to decide for himself and for anything and everybody else the bombs may have left. Such things are matters of character and racial mystery and force, however, and are not easily to be resolved or discussed. This man Mr. Wookey and his life story make a certain sense, though at a price, if you get what I mean.

The play presents many and varied types of people and some of the scenes present an array of *dramatis personae* that as acting problems would knock Mr. Chekhov of the Chekhov Theatre Studio cold, and would have required many months of the original Moscow Art Theatre's efforts before some semblance of reality and rightness could have been assured. But the conditions of our theatre rule otherwise, and there is no use blaming the players in "The Wookey"—the last act especially—for all that unconvincing and distended tosh of them and their performances.

Mr. Edmund Gwenn plays Mr. Wookey with a certain homely truth and skillful coquetry. Under the able direction of Mr. Robert Sinclair, however, he should find it possible to be more varied and at times less obvious, or with more projection, or at least less drawn out. Miss Norah Howard as the wife gives a telling performance, touching and not too fragile in its accent. STARK YOUNG

In the Army, Aren't We All

THE ONLY SHRED OF TRUTH in the wild and already rather laughable charges against Hollywood recently made in Washington is that with the rising general interest in the war abroad and the Hitler spectre, the producers have made a few tentative excursions into these fields of interest. It is along the ancient line of their practice—be topical when it doesn't hurt—and if we go shrieking to war again, we may expect to find them shrieking their heads off right along with us, and cleaning up. But we may not expect to find them taking any long leads off second, in war or in anything else.

"Sergeant York" is a case in point. It is about the army and arming in a time when people damn well *have* to think about the army. The film is actually not so bad as could be expected. It is a stunt picture to start with, and the publicity people have blown the roof off with the story of the authenticity of the authentic, etc. Like Lindbergh, also like Dr. Johnson's dog, York did something unusual enough to make the press wires and the easy imagination of newspaper readers. He captured a number of Germans single-handed, nothing wrong with that. But the thing got out of focus and seemed a big thing about the war, which it did noth-

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ing toward winning, which was too enormous a shambles to be expressed in any one act or gesture, and which made far greater demands in the way of day-in-day-out heroism.

Anyhow, the picture people got hold of York, got the details of his story, and ran him up into a spectacle. The war itself plays a minor part in the film, almost half of which is taken up with the troubles of a poor young farmer off in the hills of Tennessee. Where this part is homely and direct in its treatment of outpost living, it is good, it is leisurely and enjoyable (much of its solidity is based in the characters of Gary Cooper and of Margaret Wycherly, the fighting mother). Where it goes into York's first conversion from hoodlumism to shouting hallelujah it is just sticky enough to get uncomfortable, and where York gets his second conversion—from a religious pacifism to militancy in defense of the American land—it has got mystically out of hand. The first part of the military phase is humorous and exciting, starting with camp life (particular mention for Stanley Ridges and George Tobias), and ending on the high dramatic note of the battle and the capture.

After that it is nothing but a memorial screed, with accounts of each decoration, each triumphal parade, each headline, etc., on and on, with the war receding into a happy backdrop and all the dead men underground. There is parallelism, of course—1917 and 1941—but it is not stressed; and mainly standing out at the end is the typical-American figure of Gary Cooper, whom we know. The keynote is patriotism, but they've been trying to get York to let the picture be made since the end of the last war, and I hardly think the effect is any different from that of a parade, with colors and a band: it is stirring and it is too long; there are too many hold-ups and too many people out of step, and your residue of opinion on the matter is that it will be nice to get home and get your shoes off.

"Dive Bomber" will be a design for whooping it up only to the uninitiated. Warner Brothers have been making a picture about every possible branch of the armed services ever since "What Price Glory?" About every fifth time, I pick one up to see if they have changed the formula. They haven't.

"Dive Bomber" borrows slightly from the Paul Muni Science Series in that the hero is a flight surgeon, worrying about the prevention of temporary blackout and high-altitude sickness. Otherwise it is the same old pudding of thrill in maneuvers (the too few intercuttings of planes in formation are fine) and the impossible in personal relations. Everybody is simply poisonous to everybody else for no discoverable reason; officers with two or three full stripes go barking at each other for reels like so many Dead End kids; and then suddenly—that is, suddenly after two hours—everybody has either died heroically or loves everybody else and is a fine chap, and Errol Flynn hasn't even been very brave. (The girl is kept in the background but still serves as another thin excuse for people to spit in each other's eye.) If any investigation is necessary, there might be a committee set up to inquire why such incompetence in both the psychology and the art of both writing and direction should be allowed to make pretty fools out of any body of men working anywhere in any cause, peace or war.

A word on technicolor. "Dive Bomber" is made in technicolor. I haven't heard many dissenting voices, and I hesitate to throw in with the stick-in-the-muds who thought sound pictures were doomed; but for telling a story, for balancing picture values, for bringing the point into focus and the many points into a line, I think technicolor stinks. It is no more natural than a picture postcard of Old Orchard Beach, *circa* 1912; it muddies up every scene of action by throwing everything with a blob of color on it square into the dramatic foreground; it gives dim outlines wherever a sharp edge is essential; and it so distorts anything but sky and distance that the grim efficiency of men in a flying field is made to look like chocolate soldiers playing with a box of candy. A painter can be color-mad, but will still keep the thing in his own design. Before the camera, as highly as it has been developed today, color simply takes control and runs away with the show. Color in pictures is here to stay, all right. They can make a picture like "Dive Bomber" out of anything they want to, including mud pies, and we should be willing to wait for it to straighten itself out—a process which is not hurried so long as there are so many people of moderate good taste in other things who still give glad little cries every time a dramatic background lights up like Christmas. But we should regret and damn its daubed encroachment on the full effect of anything which might be called a good picture.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, seventy-five-year-old Vice Premier and Minister without Portfolio, was struck in the chest and jaw this morning by pistol bullets fired by a thirty-three-year-old assassin. Hiranuma's condition was reported as serious.

Observers said, therefore, that the fact such an attack should occur was not considered a good sign in a time of tense international relations. – *AP telephone message from Tokyo printed in The San Francisco Bulletin.*

Brands are more than just names on sacks, boxes or bottles—they are priceless covenants of faith between man and man—representing the anguish of management and the toil of man, down through the years. – *From an address by Homer McKee before the national convention of the Financial Advertisers' Association in Cleveland.*

Are They Going to Be *That* Short?

The suggestion that dresses be shortened so as to relieve the rayon-fabric shortage is not regarded as economically sound nor of any real advantage except to underwear manufacturers. – *From Women's Wear.*

The Stag at Eve

$25 Reward for Identity and Conviction of the person who turned a scrub Jersey bull in with my herd of 25 open heifers. —W. H. Sarver. – *Advertisement in The Rockford [Ill.] Register-Republic.*

V for Victory?

This high-ranking British naval officer states that Nazi domination of Europe might be the most satisfactory solution for all concerned. It is his belief that Great Britain is and must always be primarily a sea power, and that it would be far more serious than a Nazi land victory for Britain to find herself in third or

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fourth rank.—*A review of "Sea Power," by Captain Russell Grenfell, R.N., in McClurg's Book News.*

Plus Ca Change

She [Judy Garland] and Dave are working on plans for their own house in the Valley. It must be large enough to accommodate tracks for Dave's trains. He has a "play" railroad. It is called the Gar-Rose Railway and can carry twelve people in cars. When they play with the trains Dave wears blue overalls and an engineer's cap. And only a couple of years ago Judy still played with dolls.—*From Sidney Skolsky's Hollywood column in The New York Post.*

My Chandelier Burns at Both Ends

Excitement at cocktail time. After a day of defense work, of being helpful and practical, a new you. An air of dabbling in intrigue, a fascinatingly dangerous-to-know look. Elegance, allure in your dressing. And a something else about you that he won't be able to analyze nor resist—your perfume—"Tabu," making of each moment a small, intense flame.—*An advertisement from Lord & Taylor in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

On Declaring War

SIR: Up to June 22 of this year, I have not been in favor of an American declaration of war against Germany. It seemed to me obvious in the first place, that too many honest and sincere Americans (as well as some dishonest ones) wished to take no part in a war which had been brought on by England and France almost as much as by Hitler. But since the Nazi attack on Russia, my position has altered. It seems to me that dignity and decency alike demand that, sooner or later, we should take our part—however hard that may be—in a conflict where our sympathies as well as all the intelligence we possess, are already enlisted on one side. To stand with England may lead to a better and greater England; to stand with China will save one of the greatest heritages of humanity known on this planet; to stand with the Russian people today may yet regenerate Russia. The only alternative to an open declaration of war against Germany seems to be to muddle along as we now are doing—and to risk the chance of losing, as we then would deserve to lose, what well may be our last chance to make democracy work, as well as to control our own destiny.

Little Rock, Ark. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

SIR: I once had a spinal-cord tumor, and I was informed that within a reasonable time I would be paralyzed and then die. The spinal-cord tumor of the world is Hitler.

Concerning my tumor, I told them to cut it out with a knife and I would take the chance. I nearly died—but I pulled through. I would be dead had I not made the decision.

Let America make the same decision. Let's cut Hitler out and do it by war. It is the only way he can be defeated—we can't save our souls or skins by having England do it for us.

San Antonio, Tex. MAURY MAVERICK

SIR: As for your question about whether we should fight, I can only say "what with?"

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. JONATHAN MITCHELL

SIR: The American people favor all-out aid to England, China and other nations resisting aggression. They favor President Roosevelt's bold efforts to place American production at the disposal of the enemies of Hitler. At the same time the American people are opposed to direct participation in the war; my observation is that this opposition is particularly strong among the men and women on whom the President has relied for three decisive victories at the polls. In my opinion, we should not enter the war but should redouble our output of planes, tanks and similar equipment for Britain, Russia and China. No declaration of war is going to do any good unless we break the fetters holding back American production. I also believe we should never again make the blunder of appeasing Japan. While the people are against our going into the European war, I think they are eager to wipe out the stigma of our shameful performance of sending schoolchildren's pennies to China and cargoes of oil and scrap iron to Tokyo.

Portland, Ore. RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

SIR: I favor immediate declaration of war. I am most fully persuaded by the moral argument, but whatever the grounds, any reasons that justify helping at all seem to me to call for helping to the utmost. The present status affords an excuse for half-measures. Only by full-out participation are we likely to make a full-out effort.

CHARLES R. WHITTLESEY

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Helen Miller Case

SIR: During the past few months union members in the government service, being on the most exposed flank of the labor front, have had to bear the main force of the hysteria and the attacks directed at all labor. Many have been dismissed on flimsy technicalities and others have been called subversive or dangerous to the national security. The United Federal Workers of America is as interested as any government official in the national security. We have always done everything in our power to promote the defense program. But we believe that the attacks on union organization in the government are detrimental to national security.

It is for this reason that I am calling your attention to an item in the T. R. B. column, in the August 4 issue of The New Republic. T. R. B. wrote that the "Communists" were trying to make a national issue of Secretary Perkins' dismissal of Mrs. Helen Miller on charges of "communism."

In The New York Times of July 21 there was a rather comprehensive story based on a report sent from this office to all international affiliates of the CIO. This report told how union members in the government service, being on the most exposed labor flank, are feeling the full force of the hysteria and attacks on labor. The Helen Miller case is only a part of this picture, and when T. R. B. smears this case as "Communist" he is, knowingly or unwittingly, joining the ranks of persons like Captain L. M. Atkins, Labor Relations Director of Shore Establishments of the Navy Department, who told a UFWA grievance committee: "Frequently subversive activity is indistinguishable from union activity."

President Roosevelt and most administration officials have

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expressed sympathy toward union organization in the government. It is only a minority that still agrees with Secretary Perkins that "there can be no collective bargaining in any dismissal from the government service." The Department of Commerce, for example, has just granted the type of hearing procedure which Secretary Perkins refuses even to consider and which we are called "Communists" for insisting upon.

Let me cite just a few cases:

On May 29, Marines with fixed bayonets marched into the Philadelphia Navy Yard, approached ten of our most active members and leaders and drove them out of the yard. The men were told they were suspended for "administrative reasons." No other charges were preferred, no conferences with the union granted. For two months we have been fighting the bitterest kind of union fight to get a fair hearing for these men. Last week we won reinstatements with back pay for two of them, are continuing to fight for the others.

At Mare Island, California, nine active members and leaders of the UFWA local, including the vice-president and secretary, were rounded up by armed guards, marched out and stripped of their badges. All except one had been employed there twelve, sixteen and twenty years. Four were World War veterans.

Men of this type don't become subversive overnight or lose their American right to decent treatment. It is more than coincidental that all these firings came at a time when we were carrying on successful organizing campaigns and pushing a drive to bring navy-yard wages up to the level of private yards.

So it was with the Helen Miller case. For four years, ever since Labor Department Local 12 was chartered, Secretary Perkins has fought against it. Her most recent action was to abolish a hard-won "promotions from within" policy. During all those years Helen Miller was leader of Local 12. Two months ago, a Dies Committee witness, in the course of testimony on the American Peace Mobilization, of which Mrs. Miller was a member, called her a Communist. Mrs. Miller was suspended, subsequently discharged.

The union's position is this: Mrs. Miller has denied the charges of "communism." She has been a most effective leader of Local 12; her work for the Department of Labor has been outstanding. (Four years ago she started at $1,620, rose to $3,200 annually—no easy feat in the government service.) We feel that she should be considered innocent until proved guilty; that she should be given a fair hearing before an impartial board.

We have proposed in the Miller and all other cases that one member of the impartial board be selected by the union, one by the department concerned, and the third by both parties. The boards would only be fact-finding bodies. The Departments of Agriculture and Commerce made this proposal part of their regular procedure. Secretary Perkins rejects it—although one of her principal "witnesses" against Mrs. Miller has issued a public statement accusing the Secretary of distorting his remarks. The Secretary of Labor refused for weeks to make an appointment with the union. Then, two hours before an appointment won under the pressure of a mass delegation, she announced to the press that Mrs. Miller was fired. When the union representatives met in her office, she told them her action was "irrevocable."

I could tell you of numerous other cases, of civil-service investigators who ask our members if they read PM and In Fact, who ask them: "Do you belong to the Communist Party, the Nazi Bund or the CIO?"

The labor movement is becoming aroused. We have scores of resolutions from unions all over the country. This is the campaign of a union fighting to preserve its gains and protect those who have been courageous enough, those who have believed strongly enough in democracy, to join it.

Government workers are citizens too. They are serving their country as loyally as the rest of labor in this grave national emergency. They want to do everything possible to help in our defense of democracy against Hitler aggression. They also want democracy in the branches of the government service that are now trying to disrupt union organization.

ELEANOR NELSON
National Secretary-Treasurer,
Washington, D. C. United Federal Workers of America

SIR: Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins' statement suspending Helen Miller and explaining her decision was satisfactory to me. Mrs. Miller was given a hearing before Gerald D. Reilly, Labor Department solicitor; competent witnesses linked her with Communist Party activity; on the basis of this evidence she was dismissed. There was, so far as I can see, no flaw in the reasoning or the procedure.

The Hatch Act prohibits employment in the civil service of persons subscribing to Communist doctrine. The Civil Service Commission now requires civil-service employees to swear that they do not subscribe to such doctrine as a condition to continued employment. If this is unjust, then Congress, not Miss Perkins, should be blamed.

I am wholly in sympathy with the efforts of the United Federal Workers to improve the lot of public servants and to protect them from harassment by the FBI. There have been many cases of stupid and useless persecution. But the Miller case, I submit, was an unfortunate choice for the test. In reporting that the Communists were trying to steam it up (and I might have added, without much success), I was reporting simple fact.

Washington, D. C. T. R. B.

The War and the Socialists

SIR: After having listened to some of Norman Thomas' radio talks about the war, studied some of his books and read some of his letters to the press, I have again reached the same conclusion that I used to hold when I was a member of his party, namely, that he is a gentleman and a scholar, a fine speaker and a brilliant dialectician. I am sure that in a verbal argument he could make me admit that chalk is cheese, or vice versa. At the same time I have come to realize more clearly than ever before (certainly more clearly than I realized during the ten years that I followed his banner) why he has been increasingly ineffective as a political leader during recent years. He handles ideas and logic beautifully, but apparently he knows much less about men and about politics.

Generally speaking, men are not logical; in political matters especially they make their decisions on the basis of existing circumstances. And these decisions are generally more workable than those dictated by theory alone. Logic sometimes plays queer tricks with groups that argue abstractly, meanwhile losing sight of the facts at hand. For instance, a few years ago the young pacifists of England were arguing thus: War is a great evil. We wish to have no part in evil things. Therefore we are taking the Oxford Oath never to fight for king or country under any circumstances. Superficially this logic may be all right, but the practical results of the conclusion helped to prepare the way for Munich and for the untold misery of the old people and the wholesale destruction of the young that the world has witnessed since that day.

Last fall Norman Thomas opposed the Selective Service Act, arguing brilliantly that since we were at peace our small army was enough. Recently he was opposing the extension of service of the draftees, on the grounds that we are now in much less danger than a year ago. Therefore, according to his own logic, we should not only disband our draft army entirely and call no more men for service, but we should also reduce the size of our regular army, navy and air forces to a point *much lower* than they were

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last year at this time. And all this in a world that acknowledges no international law but force, with Japan committed to unlimited expansion, with Hitler now taking desperate chances and with South America more than ever disturbed by Nazi agents and anti-United States propaganda.

His logic may be all right, but the man in the street has enough common sense to know that there is something wrong with his conclusions. To maintain such a thesis today is, in my opinion, to make an even bigger mistake than that of the English pacifists who, ignoring Germany while they were theoretically working for peace, gave Hitler time to arm for total war, and who, in binding themselves not to fight for their country under any circumstances, paved the way for the destruction of a great many of the very people who, if allowed to live, might have helped some day to work again for universal peace. At any rate, it is certainly not going to help the cause of peace if we allow those with pacifist ideals to be killed off, and allow those who preach that war is natural and glorious to triumph in ideology and to breed their kind on an ever increasing scale.

In its strict adherence to theory in the face of unquestionable facts to the contrary, the American Socialist Party in the present crisis has, in my opinion, shown itself to be without sound political sense.

Hanover, N. H. CHARLES R. BAGLEY, ex-Socialist

An LL.D. for Der Talmadge!

SIR: In the Moscow publication entitled Art and Culture in the Soviet Union, May, 1931, I notice in the table of contents the title "An Academy of Sciences for Georgia." It occurs to me that some of your readers might be interested to bring this to the attention of Governor Talmadge.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

What About "Storm in a Teacup"?

SIR: Surely we can be thankful that at long last a Senate subcommittee is investigating the propaganda activities of the movies. It's about time!

A casual inspection of the pictures now playing in Chicago houses alone is enough to indicate the devilish machinations of this powerful industry. For example, do you suppose for one moment that the following productions are intended to keep us out of war: "She Knew All the Answers"; "Next Time We Love"; "Moon Over Miami"; "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"; "Time Out for Rhythm"; "The Primrose Path"; "Love Crazy"; "His Girl Friday"; "The Girl and the Gambler"; "Two in a Taxi"?

It's easy enough to see the sinister purpose behind these films, not one of which presents the anti-interventionist viewpoint. But this is only the beginning. Opening Friday at a Loop theatre we find "Major Barbara." That sounds martial enough to please the most rabid warmonger, to say nothing of its British authorship. "The Earl of Chicago" is another—evidently an attempt to introduce alien ideas we dispensed with in 1776.

They tell me that another Hollywood creation, "Charley's Aunt," deals most sympathetically with the adaptability of the British character under stress. I am told on the most reliable authority that this picture is nothing more or less than a subtle plug for the idea of all-out aid to friends and allies in a period of crisis.

Some theatres here are luring patrons to these propaganda carnivals with offers of free dinnerware. An ad today, which I am amazed to see accepted by The Chicago Tribune, reads as follows: "Three Custard Cups and 'Blood and Sand.'" It seems imperative that we call to Senator Nye's attention this poisoning of innocent Midwestern minds.

Chicago, Ill. GARFIELD SNODGRASS

Anti-Semitism and Frank Hanighen

SIR: In his article on "The Anti-Semitic Conspiracy" [The New Republic, September 22], Michael Straight says that Senator Nye's recent "barely veiled threat" to the Jews "follows exactly the line laid by Frank Hanighen . . . in the June issue of Common Sense." The intimation is that Mr. Hanighen and Common Sense, for whom he was Washington correspondent, are part of the "conspiracy" and "closely directed from Berlin."

We can hardly believe that Mr. Straight could have intended to make so ridiculous a charge—especially since Mr. Hanighen himself declared that "it is the duty of liberals everywhere to fight anti-Semitism." Whatever misconstruction might have been put on some of his other statements, that at least is clear enough. As for our own editorial policy, that ought to be clear to any reader who has followed our editorials, and is once more reaffirmed in our condemnation of the Nye movie investigation and the Lindbergh Des Moines speech in our October issue.

New York City ALFRED M. BINGHAM, SELDEN RODMAN, Editors, Common Sense

[There was no "intimation" in Mr. Straight's article regarding Common Sense. He made a plain statement of a plain fact. The article by Frank Hanighen had already been criticized in The New Republic, in an editorial in our issue of July 21, for just the attitude that Mr. Straight discussed. While we never supposed that Common Sense was anti-Semitic, we are glad to publish this unequivocal statement. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Fight for Freedom, Inc., is asking why Ed Sullivan's column in The New York Daily News (September 11) which appeared in the bulldog was pulled from the later editions. It was a sharp criticism of the movie investigation and, when questioned, Richard Clark, managing editor of The News, said "Columnists sometimes step out of their province and we sometimes have to take steps." F. H. Peter Cusick, executive secretary of Fight for Freedom, Inc., commented: "Criticizing isolationists in the columns of The Daily News seems to be bad manners."

More pats on the back than complaints this week, with favorable returns on Bruce Bliven's article "Russia's Morale—and Ours," September 1 issue. Leland E. Forbes, Weaverville, North Carolina, in a letter too long to print, comments: "It is a severe indictment of the American people whom it fits (far too many for overconfidence of the future), but not at all too severe in my estimation." G. Eugene Berry, East Lynn, Massachusetts, calls it an "admirable job," and Eleanor Dunlap Lauck thinks it is "the best thing I have ever read."

Dr. Lillien Martin, professor emeritus of Stanford University and ninety-year-old founder and director of the Old Age Center in San Francisco, charges the unhealthy morale of the youth of America to inadequate appreciation of the danger and "lack of training in citizen-participation." "The source of these deficiencies," she says, "lies in the form of 'indoctrination' these youths have received in early life . . . from the outmoded thinking of the adults who surround them." However, Joseph Gollomb, New York City, doesn't think our morale is as bad as we do. "It seems to me it argues robust morale that a people little used to these things [conscription and the third term] in their lives and history should take such changes in the way the vast majority of our people did." . . . T. Swann Harding, Falls Church, Virginia, enjoyed Edgar Johnson's "very excellent critique of Thorstein Veblen's work" [July 28]. . . . And finally Alan Campbell, Beverly Hills, California, comments briefly on Henry Miller's war-declaration letter [September 8]: "I should be thoroughly uninterested in Henry Miller's views on anything, even if he knew how to punctuate a sentence."

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Books in Review

Democrats All

IN THE MIDST of a thousand ill nourished and usually ill tempered arguments about democracy, here are the documents in the case. Here are the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address; here are passages from "The Bloody Tenent," "The Rights of Man," "Progress and Poverty," "Looking Backward"; here are Mr. Dooley and Petroleum V. Nasby; here besides are poems, speeches, sermons, stories, extracts from plays and journals, the most significant writings of famous or half-forgotten Americans who dealt with the great themes of liberty and justice. It is convenient to have all this material collected in a single volume of nearly a thousand pages. It is reassuring to find that our present discussions are for the most part echoes of the past; that democracy in this country is a living tradition which is always under attack but which has been painfully reaffirmed by each new generation.

Whatever I say in criticism of "The Democratic Spirit" [1] should be understood in its proper context. The book, though timely, is by no means one of those hack jobs that are rushed to press before interest has shifted from democracy to army maneuvers or the Golden Gloves Tournament. Not long ago, Bernard Smith wrote a history of American criticism, and he has edited his anthology in the same scholarly spirit. He contributes a sensible introduction and short biographical notes; for the rest, he lets each author speak for himself. The enthusiastic comments of Charles A. Beard, Carl Sandburg and others are printed on the jacket. Dorothy Canfield Fisher has good reason for saying that the book should be placed "on the shelves of every library in the United States." My only question is whether it doesn't emphasize certain elements in the democratic spirit at the expense of others.

It seems to me that, in the choice of authors, it lays too much stress on New England. One of the two great democratic traditions originated there: the search for abstract justice that was represented in early times by Roger Williams and after 1800 by the Abolitionists; still later it developed into the urban movement of reform. But there was also the agrarian tradition that flourished in the South and West, under the leadership of Jefferson and Jackson: the tradition of free men on free land, who spoke softly and carried a gun. It is true that very few of the frontiersmen were writers, but some of them left memoirs behind them and others, like Davy Crockett, have been the subject of brilliant biographies. They are given too little space in Mr. Smith's collection.

But I also feel that the book is too much concerned with the spirit of uplift. One might gather the impression from reading it hastily that the best American democrats were persons of wealth and breeding who found that others were being persecuted and who devoted their lives to combating religious and racial and economic prejudice. That is part of the story, but not the whole of it. There were also the persecuted who fought for their rights—among these Mr. Smith has room only for the Negroes—and there were the farmers who loved their own independence so much that they wanted everyone to be free. Democracy would never have survived in this country had it not been based on pride and self-interest as well as pity.

In the third place—and all these criticisms are interrelated—the book lays too much stress on ideas and doctrines; too little stress on the behavior of living people. The authors chosen by Mr. Smith have a great deal to say about religious liberty, abolitionism, anti-imperialism, trade-unionism and self-righteousness. They have, in most cases, little to say about political campaigns and how they are won; about town meetings, courtrooms, crossroad stores and all the scenes where democracy passes into action. The result is to leave us feeling that the democratic spirit is a somewhat dour and virtuous female who aspires to freedom on her mountain heights, who dispenses charity in the slums, who worships God in white-columned Unitarian churches, but who never gossips over the fence or jokes with the boys in Sweeney's Bar & Grill.

The American democracy I have always loved is a different creature, appearing in many disguises. Sometimes she takes the form of a young labor organizer, sometimes of a farm wife and sometimes of an old woman at an auction, telling the stranger how she plans to send her grandsons to college. She inspires the farmers sending instructions to their Senator in Washington—"He's our hired man, ain't he?"—and the travelers striking sudden friendships in a transcontinental bus, and the garageman in Tennessee who ends a long discussion by saying, "Your car is good, mister, but I like my car," as if to summarize in ten words Emerson's essay on self-reliance. Her manners are bad by European standards, but she makes this country a pleasant place to live in, and worth keeping that way. She deserves a book of her own, a treasury not of opinions but of people.

Thomas Beer, who died a year ago last April, is not represented in "The Democratic Spirit"; he belonged to another tradition in American letters. He despised New England reformers, he pretended to despise the masses, and he spent most of his life in the elaboration of a wholly undemocratic style—involved, witty, supercilious and proof against enthusiasm. That style is the most obvious feature of his three non-fiction works—"Stephen Crane," "The Mauve Decade" and "Hanna"—which have now been reissued in a single volume.[1]

And it is the style that makes them hard to reread, at least in the beginning. This is especially true of "The Mauve Decade," which ought to be the best of the three;

[1] The Democratic Spirit: A Collection of American Writings from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, edited by Bernard Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 968 pages. $5.

[1] Hanna, Crane and The Mauve Decade, by Thomas Beer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 663 pages. $3.75.

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certainly it contains the best of his anecdotes and is the most carefully written. The trouble is that the style is a continuous barrier between the reader and what he wants to know about American literature during the 1890's. The style is always flaunting itself, sometimes in a gold-filled coronet and sometimes in a freshman cap. "They laid Jesse James in his grave and Dante Gabriel Rossetti died immediately." Pow! Zam! That first and simplest sentence in the book doesn't seem funny unless we regard both the bandit and the poet as comic-strip characters. In the third chapter, Wendell Phillips is described as "a handsome man who liked to make speeches. . . . His triumph was a discourse on Toussaint L'Ouverture, a superior Negro whose taste in dress was bad." That is an easy way of patronizing the dead. And it is only after getting over one's hostility to Thomas Beer as an undergraduate wag that one discovers the scholarship in frivolous matters, the use of fresh details and the respect for literary values that were his real virtues as a critic.

But he was warmer and simpler than he seemed to be, and this fact is emphasized in Leonard Bacon's introduction. At heart he was an American from the Middle Border, liking most people, wildly generous to his friends, hating only busybodies and literary snobs. Even in praising Mark Hanna, whom he regarded as an Ohio Caesar, he emphasized the democratic qualities of his hero. Yet the style he used in presenting these qualities is that of a tired nobleman who hides his feelings from the masses because his attitude toward them is that of a soldier facing the enemy. Beer was facing his own people and was only pretending to hate them. His famous style seems bad today because it was not the man; it was chiefly a masquerade.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Poet of the Month

The Poet of the Month, published monthly. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 32 pages each. Paper, 35 cents. Boards, $1. The Broken Span, by William Carlos Williams; Some Poems and a Devotion, by John Donne; The End of a Decade, by Harry Brown; A Letter from the Country, by Howard Baker; Selected Poems, by John Wheelright; The Paradox in the Circle, by Theodore Spencer.

A VIEW of the first half-year of The Poet of the Month reveals that the editor has been rather charitable toward the complacence of four out of five of his poets. (I am not considering the Donne issue, which was published to give readers of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" a belated acquaintance with Donne.) This project strongly resembles the "Five Young American Poets," published by New Directions last year, in that around thirty-two pages are devoted to the work of each poet—not enough to make a rounded-out "book of poems" but enough to give the reader an idea as to whether the poet's head comes over the top of the hill. But in printing inconsequential groups of poems by well known names, the editor, it seems to me, is hampering his own avowed purpose of unearthing the real thing. (Thus, for example, such unknown but interesting young poets as Alfred Hayes, David Wolff and W. R. Rodgers have not even been promised in this series.)

The first pamphlet, William Carlos Williams' new group, adds nothing to his "Complete Collected Poems" of 1938. Here is the delicate verse of the Imagists, without the imagery; the poetry of the twenties stripped down to chips of perception, to tidbits from the tender parts of unwritten novels. I have always felt that a book of poems should be something crackling with the aura of event, and when it is by an established poet, it should show, if not a major shift in the direction of the big boat, at least a furrow following free. I cannot imagine what else than an idling indulgence, dyed-in-the-wool-of-having-arrived, could have allowed the publishing of this anticlimax, this unexciting selection. That Dr. Williams is perhaps aware he is not advancing is shown when he writes: "But today/the particulars/of poetry/that difficult art/require your whole attention." I suspect that the difficult art is not getting Dr. Williams' whole attention.

If complacence has come upon Dr. Williams after two decades, it has done some heavy damage early in the career of Harry Brown. For the latter betrays the attitude that all that is necessary is to write circles around other poets (forgetting that they provide him with the centers). His idiom, his imagery and his subjects wear strangely familiar masks. Throughout the book there are plenty of embarrassingly Audenish lines like: "Let the jackal, in the night,/Learn that what he does is right:/Corpses of ideas must be/Swallowed by eternity." In fact *all* the poems with a few exceptions are plainly serious parodies of various aspects of Auden's work. Among the exceptions I find one poem, "Ambulant Blues," with a stanza refrain that goes: "But there was no use in standing around/To wait for a wound." This seems like a really new poem until you read "Casey Jones," by E. V. Swart (a little known poet from South Africa who appeared in Geoffrey Grigson's "New Verse Anthology" in 1939) with a stanza refrain: "There was no kind of good in staying on/When the delight was gone." This is stretching "influence," to the point where it breaks. Somewhere along the line it becomes imperative that Mr. Brown resolve his considerable abilities in order to get to the business of being himself.

Howard Baker's species of complacence is just an echo from Palgrave. Beautiful archaic work, not without a certain competence, it is exactly what a modern poet cannot afford to write. The music is mostly iambic, the philosophy faintly fugitive, the originality nil: "Tall glooms of pines, processionals of evening"; "When gangs all ancient wisdom overturn"; "O first created and creating source,/Beloved rib of elemental force." I don't know how far away all this is from life, but certainly it's miles from real insight.

John Wheelright's "Selected Poems," now published posthumously, show his usual faults of obscurity. However, Wheelright's work as a whole has earned its place in American poetry by reason of its unique peculiarities. His admirers should add this pamphlet to their Wheelright collections. "The new reader," writes R. P. Blackmur in the introduction, "is urged to judge no poem singly until he has made a reasonable effort to digest the whole series. Wheelright was given to extremes, and you need to set one extreme against another, and that against a third, and so on, before you can grasp what the extremes were *of*. You must get an idea of what he was driving *from*, before you can manage what he was driving *at*." Of, from and at, I join in urging the reader to judge for himself.

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"The Paradox in the Circle," by Theodore Spencer, is not only relief from complacence but the "high" in the achievement, so far, of The Poet of the Month. For Mr. Spencer is a "discovery" in the dictionary sense of the word. His work is delightful and surprising. It takes. He does not shadow-box with his conscience, umpired by the people's cause. He brings the song back bodily into poetry—in one vein, true, but in an exciting vein. He dramatizes the lyric within the framework of the lyric. His poems literally demand to be read aloud. The hearer is struck by an exquisite sense of timing, by the profound meanings that accompany the music, by a really startling simplicity. (I recommend the reader to get Mr. Spencer's recordings of his poems in the Harvard Vocarium Records to supplement this selection.) If the majority of the lyrics in this important first book make a few seem repetitive and weak, it is a quality of topnotch work to beggar its immediate neighbors. But Mr. Spencer, I am certain, has added something lasting to the difficult poetry of today. OSCAR WILLIAMS

Novels Never End

So It Doesn't Whistle, by Robert Paul Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 244 pages. $2.50.
Summer Never Ends, by Waldo Frank. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 312 pages $2.50.
The Sun Shall Greet Them, by David Rame. New York: The Macmillan Company. 290 pages. $2.50.

ROBERT PAUL SMITH's "So It Doesn't Whistle" seems to be about many things, and as a novel it is nearly pure fun to read if you like reading that is fast and knowing and about such important matters as living, getting around places—living and liking it too. The characters vary mostly in that they have different surface habits and things to do, but it is mainly about the author in spite of himself. The author seems to be a nice guy.

He has taken a group of kids living in an apartment dump in New York: the Place. One of them is the I of the story, a writer-producer in radio. Another plays in a dance band; another paints; another is mostly an anchor man to the group, though he is writing a crazy book when he thinks of it. Some girls get mixed up in the story, raising hell; a brother dies; the musician is working himself up for the deep cure; and what with one thing and another marriage finally breaks the group up. Many things have happened to them, or nothing much; but the point is in the general air and in the easygoing, wry-mouth writing.

Actually the book is about something, just as definitely as "Huckleberry Finn" is about something. It is about something you sometimes have but inevitably lose: the carefree state, the first days in the open world with people wise (like yourself) beyond their age in interests and appraisals, the shared gayety, the knowledge that it's no easy life but take it easy, that if you have a nickel and I have a nickel, we have a dime: let's do something tonight. Such things break up, as life is too full of events and responsibilities and the settling down with years. Thus any recapture is a nostalgia piece, with the gentle appreciation, the happy furtive tear and the essential lie of all nostalgia. The Place was never so good until it had broken up. Sometimes the book is a little overwritten, but it has a cocky appeal in the kind of thing it is, and it is the best of its kind since that particular mood appeared in the early Hemingway.

Waldo Frank's latest novel is about a man who had been good as a promising young labor lawyer, but who has become—through the years and the maneuvering of a bitch of a wife—a corporation lawyer, or bad, and must in the story become good again. The settlements he makes on his wife and two rather horrible children mean financial ruin, and meanwhile he is desperate after a young girl who burns like a sulphur match at his touch but does not love him and does not love her bitter Jewish suitor, who finally tries to frame the lawyer and jumps off Brooklyn Bridge. I think it killed him. The lawyer also was about to kill himself but felt a Presence holding his hand back, and so goes to his children and they understand in a moment of revelation.

There is violence, there are people and situations, but there is no proper story because the problem is so vague and its exposition so willfully muddy. There is talk of Love in the Whole, but there is not even enough feeling for people to bring them alive in our sympathies; they are made with a tail, then made to turn and eat it, the author meanwhile running on about the Good and warping his situation so as to play noisily with Evil. The book keeps going, through a certain sense of strangeness, a certain earnest intention, some thought on the structure of society and knowledge of its institutions. Unraveled, it would be a simple case of first amateur plot effort. But it is not unraveled.

There are places where, suddenly, you look at the sea or down the aisle of a Pullman; there are places where a simple story is told: a labor trial, the family at dinner, a bit of office routine. But these are only intermissions in the

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With a Foreword by Raymond Gram Swing

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general clogged line of Waldo Frank swelling and talking at you in that mixture of heavy writing and almost narcissistic obsession with the biological symbol (blood and organ, entrail, loin and nipple) which gives a very small thought a big and horrid look, the deep-womb doom of the total vast, aghast. He sometimes makes no sense whatsoever and he has an awful ear: "Her glaucous eyes seemed glazed"—"Let his alive gaze laze over the undulant course"—"brittle-wombed bitches with . . . mucilage lips."—"Oskar's audible ingurgitation." (The last was meant for a light touch, I think.) He had a problem to start with: the atrophy of conscience in a society of success; the pains of awakening to responsibility and to love too. But he will not learn to write, or to treat readers and characters with such minimum of respect for the ways of life that one may know the other. People, situations, odds and ends of half-digested thought go in here as you start the story, there is an explosion of smoke, blood, cosmos and tomato juice, and they come out there, because there is where the back cover is.

Something of the same flood of words and vague intention gets into "The Sun Shall Greet Them," which would have been a grand action story and even flag for the rallying if the author had let it alone. By the publisher's advice, David Rame was voluntary coxswain of a small motor boat in the blazing evacuation of Dunkirk; and his novel is about a man who wangled papers from the admiralty, cut himself a boat and crew out of the gigantic confusion on the English side and went over, three nights in a row, to operate in the treacherous water under the smoke and gunfire, where the weary and all-but-lost were being ferried from shoulder-deep in the water to the magnificent jumbled regatta assembled to get them across the Channel before daylight. There is an on-the-spot realism not only to the lurid scene of that miracle in action but to the feeling of a nation, those who were there and those who were waiting. There are some fine likely cuts of British seamen and non-seamen. And there is a lot of good descriptive writing, of the actual land and water of the story's present, of the city and town and beloved countryside of memory.

There is too much. The story waits interminably as the author builds a nation's heritage and perilous awakening into the reverie of his main figure, who goes on and on with his doubts and relentless inner conflict. He is not a man of action and then he acts, with decision and competence; and then he thinks about it, recapitulates doubts. He is in despair over the national complacence, and then everything is glorious and then he is in despair, and then the girl comes in, and everybody is quoting half the poets of the Oxford Book of English Verse. Then he is wondering if the girl loves him, and she doesn't but wants to do something for England; then the end hints differently.

The love story in this setting goes to near farce; the fear of cowardice at the end of sturdy heroism is not only poorly built up for any realism but is anticlimax; and there is a little too much talk about the wine of glory for its own sake or for personal redemption. David Rame had a magnificent story, just in the detail of those days, the unspoken belief and passion of a country rising to its feet and beyond itself. But he tried to make it more magnificent, with writing. The writing is not bad, but there is more than enough of it to smother Dunkirk.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Knight and the Lady

Sir Richard Burton's Wife, by Jean Burton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 391 pages. $3.

IF YOU CAN IMAGINE Mabel Dodge Luhan married to the late T. E. Lawrence in a Victorian setting, you may get some conception in contemporary terms of the flavor of this very interesting book. There are, of course, differences. Sir Richard Burton was far more truculent than T. E. Lawrence, and Isabel Burton was much more than a *saloniste*, though she was that too. Miss Jean Burton's relationship to the extraordinary couple she describes in fascinating detail is not indicated, except in a statement on the jacket that both she and Sir Richard were collateral descendants of the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Whatever her relationship, she has been unsparing in her objectivity. The faults as well as the exceptional talents of Burton and his wife are portrayed, and the task was not easy, for the book is based largely on the writings of Isabel Burton about her husband and herself, and she always thought of her husband as next in importance to God, and hoped wistfully that Richard would be His right-hand man.

Isabel Burton was all her life a sincere and pious Anglo-Catholic. Richard Burton was all his life a mystic who sampled out of anthropological curiosity all the religions he was ever permitted to join. He also sampled the customs and manners of East Indian, Arabian, African and South and North American natives and wrote about them in frank, witty and penetrating detail which shocked the Foreign Office and the British public so much that neither of them learned to realize that behind the eccentricities of Sir Richard Burton lay genius. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that he never was permitted to rule in any important position the various sectors of the British Empire which he visited and studied, for Sir Richard had many of the elements of the modern fascist, including unreasoning anti-Semitism.

Isabel Burton met her husband when she was a young girl, was determined to marry him in spite of the violent objections of her own family and the reluctance of his, managed to do so after waiting more than ten years, and lived in hectic happiness with him and for him all the rest of her life. At the same time she managed, in spite of her adoration, to maintain her religious independence of one of the most dominating figures of nineteenth-century England. Isabel Burton, as she expressed it, wanted "to Live," and she refused offers of husbands with millions of pounds, for she was a very beautiful woman, so that she might marry Burton and act as his material slave. She plagued the Foreign Office to get him preferment, and did much of his routine consular work in the obscure posts to which he was assigned. She also found time to help him with his extraordinary books and to write interesting books of her own. The woman had overwhelming energy, captivating charm, admirable courage and exasperating sentimentality. Miss Burton has done full justice to an amusing character, and her book is as important as a life of Sir Richard Burton as it is of Lady Burton, for the two were inextricable. In addition to its value as a resumé of two striking careers, the book contains much interesting material on leading figures of the last half of the nineteenth century in England, in the Near East and on the Continent. Wherever they went,

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people of all classes knew Sir Richard Burton and his wife, for they had an insatiable social as well as intellectual curiosity. M. R. WERNER

This Way to Armageddon

No Other Road to Freedom, by Leland Stowe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 432 pages. $3.

ONE THING ABOUT LELAND STOWE, he was there when it happened. He was in the front lines when hell broke loose in Finland and after that in Norway, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania and Greece. That's the weak spot in his book. Stowe was always in the front lines, and wars are only partly fought in the front lines. Wars are fought at conference tables, in embassy corridors, in cloakrooms and offices. Hundreds of miles behind the front lines, without a single panzer division, Hitler won his greatest victory—Munich.

It isn't exactly fair to expect a war correspondent to be what his publishers try to make him—a sort of Lord Byron out of Charles and Mary Beard. Leland Stowe is sensitive and emotional, a good writer who sometimes works harder at his prose style than at getting all the facts. But he writes it the way he sees it, and he saw plenty.

When Stowe left the United States to cover the war, he was a confirmed isolationist. He had been in Madrid while Chamberlain, Bonnet, Laval and the rest of the white mice gnawed away at the living body of Spain. He reached London in September, 1939, while Downing Street was still slumbering quietly in the shade of the umbrella and the war looked as phony as a German tourist. But as the days went by—as Norway, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Greece fell like clods on a coffin, and as the RAF warmed up to its job—Stowe's isolationist arguments dropped away. He saw that there was only one way for free men to remain free, and that was the military defeat of Hitler.

When Stowe reached England the bombings had not yet begun. The people of London were casual and indifferent. Leaving England, Stowe noted in his diary, "These people may fight because they have to, but they have no heart for the war." Then came the Nazi bombers. England stripped for action, but not before she had paid for her indifference with ruined streets and gutted buildings.

Other nations paid for their indifference at a higher rate. Norway lost her freedom. Stowe told that story, the first reporter to break the news of the Nazi Trojan Horse invasion of Norway. Walking the streets of Oslo, Stowe saw Norwegian army officers deserting their garrisons to join the Gestapo. He cabled the news of Quisling's treachery, turning the spotlight into the shadows of the Continental Hotel where the Major sat waiting for his thirty pieces of silver. He told how the sell-out almost failed when a loyal officer in the fort of Oskarsborg sighted the Nazis sailing confidently up the bay, and gave the command to fire, sinking the Blucher and the Emden.

Leland Stowe followed the road of this war from Munich and Madrid up through Norway and down to where it wound into the Balkans. His assignment ended then, and he left for home. But the road went on, up through the scarred London streets and out through the back alleys of Paris toward another road coming west from Leningrad. The roads will meet at Hitler's tomb. MILL LAMPELL

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Eight Major Novelists

American Fiction: 1920-1940, by Joseph Warren Beach. New York: The Macmillan Company. 381 pages. $2.50.

A CENTRAL THESIS in a work of criticism may be a structural support and it may be a straitjacket. Professor Beach has a thesis; but it neither hampers nor strengthens, because instead of being central it is confined to his opening and closing chapters and is only tenuously connected with the detailed examinations of eight American novelists that make up the bulk of his book. In these his real gift displays itself: a penetrating analysis of individual talents.

Professor Beach's thesis is that the first of the two World Wars we have seen in the last quarter-century was the greatest single shaping force that influenced these eight writers. As a statement of chronological fact, that they all came to literary maturity in a period dominated by that war, his statement is undebatable. That they share feelings of disgust for the "worldwide commercial spirit" so largely responsible for it, and "loathing for those traits of human nature which have allowed the dominance of this commercial spirit," and that those feelings in the modern world were deeply colored by the war, can hardly be denied. But that the war was specifically and mainly responsible for the attitudes of them all seems much more doubtful. Its influence can be seen plainly enough in Dos Passos, Hemingway and Faulkner. It is far less clear in Caldwell, Farrell and Steinbeck, who are concerned with problems born of the Industrial Revolution, and of which the war itself was only a mechanical product; and hardly visible at all in Wolfe's Faustian yearnings and Telemachean search for a father.

The rewarding core of Professor Beach's studies is really in the wise and revealing things he notes about each writer. There can be little doubt that, with the exception of Marquand (whose oiled ball-bearing technique elaborates themes as superficial as an artificial eyelash), Professor Beach's choices are the major American novelists of today. And no critic, to my knowledge, has made a saner and better balanced and more perceptive summary of their total significance. He sees under the angry and despairing atomism and the cinema technique and structural innovations of Dos Passos the frustrated searcher for beauty and the lover of mankind. He sees and emphasizes, as hardly any other American critic has done, the rejection of proud words, the slow empirical search for an ethic, that gives Hemingway his deep validity and strength. He has sound chapters on the comic catharsis in Erskine Caldwell and on Faulkner's brooding over a haunted and decaying South. The sordidness, the waste of youth, in Farrell's South Side Chicago, does not blind Professor Beach to the tenderness beneath the remorseless detail. Nor is he unaware of the weaknesses of the writers he examines. Uniting sound observation with original insight, he has written a book that throws fresh light upon American fiction.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Contributors

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE has been for many years a student of naval affairs, and is the author of "The Lesson of the Bismarck," which appeared in the June 9 issue of The New Republic.

E. D. KENNEDY, for ten years an associate editor of Time and Fortune, is the author of "Dividends to Pay."

EDGAR BEIGEL, a senior at the University of Pittsburgh, was this year's winner of The New Republic's college writing contest.

ALEXANDER KENDRICK was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard for 1940-41 and is now on the staff of The Philadelphia Inquirer.

OSCAR WILLIAMS is the author of a book of verse, "The Man Coming Toward You," and editor of the recently published anthology "New Poems: 1940."

M. R. WERNER's latest book, written in collaboration with Thomas Robson Hay, is "The Admirable Trumpeter: A Biography of General James Wilkinson."

MILL LAMPELL is from West Virginia. At present he is working in New York as a free-lance journalist.

EDGAR JOHNSON is a member of the English department at the College of the City of New York. Howell, Soskin will publish his new book, "A Treasury of Biography," in October.

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★ ★ ★ Either you, and the rest of us, are for Democracy or you are not. If you are, we ask that you read *these three principles* now and ask yourself if they are your principles, too. ★ ★ ★

1. **As democrats, liberals, progressives, independent radicals or men of labor, this is our war. We must win it.**
2. **As a war for democracy, this war can only be won if it is fought democratically on two fronts, at home and abroad.**
3. **As a war for democracy, democratic peace terms must be made part of the fight to win the war.**

IF YOU agree, consider these facts—there are forces in this country, even among the professed opponents of Nazism, who are willing to drop democracy "for the duration"—and perhaps longer. You know them. And you know that, however sincere they may be, their policy and program spell death for *the very thing that we are fighting for*—our rights and our liberties.

It is this tendency that the Union for Democratic Action is fighting *against*. Victory of Democracy over the European and Asiatic New Orders is the very thing that the U. D. A. is fighting *for*. And the U. D. A. is the only organization that is actively, aggressively carrying the message of the two-front fight for democracy—your message—to the American people.

Will you join in our efforts? You can't do so just by agreeing with us; you *can* by acting, here and now. It's a job that can only be done once, perhaps; there may be no tomorrow for democracy in our life-times unless you, and others like you, act now. Won't you help us carry your message throughout this country? Give us the means to send out organizers, to tour speakers, to print literature, to go on the radio to get *action*.

Remember, that if democracy is to survive, some organization must give it meaning and bring that meaning to the American people. We are that organization—your organization. And we ask you in your own interests to do your share on that basis.

UNION FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION
202 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Phone: LA 4-1887

I agree with you on the need for a two-front fight for democracy—at home and abroad.

Here is $..... as my contribution to that fight.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

(Make checks payable to Freda Kirchwey, Treasurer)

THE U. D. A. *HAS*

1. Given expression to the only completely democratic concept of our role in this war.
2. Fought against American appeasement and for an anti-fascist foreign policy.
3. Fought against monopoly sabotage of defense effort, exposing reasons behind aluminum shortage.
4. Fought for equal Negro participation in the defense effort. (Called conference and led delegation to Washington of interventionist organizations.)
5. Offered and publicized constructive plans for consumer welfare, advocating Office of Civilian Production.
6. Defended labor's rights and advocated full labor representation in defense effort, in articles, speeches, conferences, and in U. D. A. 80-page pamphlet, *Labor Defends America*.
7. Begun organization throughout America: Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Newark, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, etc.

●

THE U. D. A. *WILL*

1. Fight American fascism. Example: New York luncheon, October 4, to honor President Marvin Pittman of Georgia State Teachers College, ousted by Governor Talmadge. Write or telephone for reservations.
2. Bring the progressive point of view of British labor to America. Example: Nation-wide tour, starting in October, of Jenny Lee, former M. P., brilliant writer and lecturer.
3. Fight inflation and defend consumer interests.
4. Work for improved army morale and defend the interests of the common soldier.
5. Extend organization through forty-eight states.

UNION FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, *Chairman*
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